



No. 261.—Vol. XXI.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MISS HELEN BERTRAM AS THE PRINCE IN "CINDERELLA," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W

"JULIUS CÆSAR," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Perhaps those who delight in the unperilous pastime of baiting actor-managers will find themselves silenced for a while by Mr. Beerbohm Tree's production of "Julius Cæsar," since there is no "star" part in the piece for him, and only a very poor one for his charming wife, while, as a matter of fact, he has not chosen for himself either of the characters generally treated as the principals. Consequently, one is forced to

have been cast down, stirring up the people to mad vengeance by the greatest oratorical display we have knowledge of. Mr. Tree's idea, not novel with him, of securing the services of Mr. Alma-Tadema has been most successful.

What about the acting, for at this period of history it is hardly possible to speak concerning the play itself? Yet I should pause to say something of the present arrangement in three acts. It seems daring, but shows no want of respect. The actual value and service cannot be judged until the drama is played so much more sharply than at present as to reach due proportions. So far as can be guessed, this arrangement is a happy idea, and will render the piece as dramatically effective as its nature will allow. Certainly, in the acting, what comes back most prominently to the mind is the work of Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Perhaps this is because he has the two most showy scenes in the play, but the high quality of his work in them seems beyond dispute. His Antony, the light-hearted man of pleasure, aroused by passion, and becoming statesman, orator, and man of fashion, is a vigorous piece of character-acting, which found its fullest value in his handling of the speech. Fatigue told upon his voice at times, and made his work a little uneven, but, judged fairly, it must be recorded that his Antony is a brilliant piece of sincere acting. The Brutus of Mr. Waller lacked perhaps the touch of inspiration that delighted everybody in his Hotspur, but is work of dignity, power, and fine technical accomplishment, and in some scenes, notably with Cassius, had really beautiful moments. Mr. Franklyn McLeay was the surprise of the evening to unobtrusive playgoers, since in the heavy part he played quite admirably, showing a strong sense of character, real power, and a true idea of art—possibly there was exaggeration at moments, but it was rather exaggeration of force than exaggeration of effort. The Julius Cæsar of Mr. Charles Fulton was a dignified, impressive performance of considerable merit, even if the actor, save in appearance, failed to suggest the hero. The Casca of Mr. Louis Calvert was an excellent piece of



Proprietor and Manager Mr. HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE

On SATURDAY, JAN. 22nd, & Every Evening at 8.15.

JULIUS CÆSAR

Julius Cæsar	Mr. CHARLES FULTON	Mr. J. FISHER WHITE
Marcus Antonia	Mr. TREE	Mr. Y. PRINCIPAL STEVENS
Octavius Cæsar	Mr. ALEXANDER CALVERT	Mr. SCOTT GRAVEN
Marcus Brutus	Mr. LEWIS WALLER	Mr. JAMES B. FARR
Cassius (brother-in-law to Brutus)	Mr. FRANKLYN McLEAY	Mr. CHAS. G. ALLAN
Casca	Mr. LOUIS CALVERT	Mr. SMITHSON
Decius Brutus	Mr. R. A. COOKSON	Mr. FREDERICK
Publius	Mr. SETHMOSE	Mr. H. W. VANA
Popilius Lenax	Mr. GAYNE MACEAY	Mr. FREEMAN
Trebonius	Mr. J. ROBERTSHAW	Mr. KENNETH BLACK
Ligarius	Mr. J. FISHER WHITE	Mr. McKINNEL
Metellus Cimber	Mr. Y. PRINCIPAL STEVENS	Mr. EDMUND GRACE
Cinna	Mr. SCOTT GRAVEN	Mr. D. J. WILLIAMS
A Soothsayer	Mr. JAMES B. FARR	Mr. A. HANFIELD
Cinna	Mr. CHAS. G. ALLAN	Mr. R. MEDICOTT
Pindarus	Mr. SMITHSON	Mr. CHAPUT
Another Poet	Mr. FREDERICK	Mrs. FREE
Cæsar's Servant	Mr. H. W. VANA	Miss LILY HANBURY
Antony's Servant	Mr. FREEMAN	Miss EVELYN MILLARD
Octavius's Servant	Mr. KENNETH BLACK	
Varro	Mr. McKINNEL	
Claudius	Mr. EDMUND GRACE	
1st Citizen	Mr. D. J. WILLIAMS	
2nd Citizen	Mr. A. HANFIELD	
3rd Citizen	Mr. R. MEDICOTT	
4th Citizen	Mr. CHAPUT	
5th Citizen	Mrs. FREE	
Lucius	Miss LILY HANBURY	
Calpurnia	Miss EVELYN MILLARD	
Portia		

Act I, Sc. 1, A Public Place. Sc. 2, Brutus's Orchard. Sc. 3, Cæsar's House. Sc. 4, A Public Street. Sc. 5, The Senate House. (Largest Hall)

Act II, Sc. 1, A Street. Sc. 2, A Street. Sc. 3, A Street. Sc. 4, A Street. Sc. 5, A Street.

Act III, Sc. 1, A Street. Sc. 2, A Street. Sc. 3, A Street. Sc. 4, A Street. Sc. 5, A Street.

Orchestra, Entrances and Incidental Music Specially Composed by RAYMOND ROSE.

The Scenery and Costumes produced under the supervision of MR. ALMA TADEMA, R.A.

Stage Manager Mr. E. SHELTON Musical Director Mr. RAYMOND ROSE

Box Office Open Daily from 10 to 12.50. Commence at 8.15. Carriages at 11.

Business Manager Mr. HENRY DANA

THE POSTER OF THE PRESENT.

admit that the apparent motive of the actor-manager's conduct was the desire to produce a rarely acted play of very great value. And he has produced it most worthily. As the years go by, almost steady progress is made in the art of actually presenting plays upon the boards, and each advance seems to involve an increase of expenditure. That the Julius Cæsar is the most costly of all, I do not assert, but that none have excelled it in beauty and interest of presentation. When the curtain was raised after the striking and effective overture composed by Mr. Raymond Rose, there was quite an "Oh!" of surprise and pleasure in the house at the scene, which showed a lofty arch running across the proscenium. At the side were two temples, as a background the Forum of Julius Cæsar, and in front of it an open place planted with trees, with a statue of Julius in the centre, and, everywhere round about, citizens in picturesque costumes that formed charming harmonies of colour. The citizens, indeed, played a great part in the play. Those who profess memories long enough to have vivid recollection of the stage crowd in the German production in 1881 at Drury Lane say that, although the English crowd was admirably handled, the foreign crowd showed more individuality. Whether memory serves them right in coming to this conclusion I cannot say, but at least it must be remembered that the German company had played together for some length of time, while we have only seen the first-night performance of the Roman citizens and the foreign inhabitants of the Eternal City. The greater, then, is the wonder that the crowd in this first scene and during Antony's oration seemed so actual, so living, that it might have been a mob of human beings of our own days, for, of course, Shakspeare made no sincere effort to suggest that the Roman nature differed essentially from the English nature.

This first was by no means the most remarkable scene, though one would like to dwell upon the charming interior which presented the home of Cæsar and lent to it some appearance of human life—an appearance almost always absent from scenes in classic plays. Moreover, the Senate House scene, with the prodigious murder, was a wonderfully striking piece of architectural scenery. Perhaps the greatest triumph was the Forum, arranged admirably for the great oration. Words can give no idea of such a picture—a picture with a moving crowd in the foreground, with magnificent buildings at the back and sides, and always as the central figure Antony: Antony on the Rostrum, Antony beside the body of Cæsar, and Antony standing on the pedestal when Cæsar

PRINCESS'S THEATRE

No. 1, W. MADDOCK, Side Street and Passage, Chelsea Street, Portland Place.

Immense Attraction.

Last Night but Four

OF THE ENGAGEMENT OF THE EXHIBITION TRAGEDIAN

Mr. MACREADY

WHO WILL PERFORM
BRUTUS, in JULIUS CÆSAR,
THIS EVENING.

His First Appearance in that Character, at this Theatre.

AT FIRST TIME

With New Scenery, Appointments, and Appropriate Costume.

The New Interlude entitled

MAMMON AND GAMMON

Was received with shouts of laughter and applause. It will therefore be performed FIVE EVENINGS, and Three Times a Week.

This Evening, WEDNESDAY, April 5th, 1848.

Will be presented SHAKSPEARE'S Tragedy of

JULIUS CÆSAR.

With New Scenery, Appointments, and Appropriate Costume.

Julius Cæsar, Mr. C. FINCHER

Octavius Cæsar, Mr. CONWAY

Brutus, Mr. MACREADY

Cassius, Mr. RYDER

Marc Antony, Mr. COOPER

Casca, Mr. NEVILLE

Decius, Mr. GILBERT

Trebonius, Mr. JAMES VINING

First Plebeian, Mr. S. COWELL

Second Plebeian, Mr. COMPTON

Servius, Mr. A. HARRIS

Soothsayer, Mr. WYNN

Pindarus, Mr. HOWARD

Cinna, Mr. NORTON

Metellus, Mr. PALMER

Titinius, Mr. MUCKLOW

Lucius, Miss SOMERS

Clitus, Mr. HENRY

Flavius, Mr. PAULO

Strato, Mr. BOLOGNA

Popilius, Mr. T. HILL

Varro, Mr. STACY

Lictors, Guards, Senators, Priests, Plebeians, &c.

Calpurnia, Mrs. H. HUGHES

Portia, Miss EMMELINE MONTAGUE

Virginius, Marcellus, &c.

Mess. Tullius, Helius, Scaevola, Cæcilius, Lælius, &c.

Mess. Tullius, Helius, Scaevola, Cæcilius, Lælius, &c.

Mess. Tullius, Helius, Scaevola, Cæcilius, Lælius, &c.

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Mess. Tullius, Helius, Scaevola, Cæcilius, Lælius, &c.

THE POSTER OF THE PAST.

vigorous acting. The part of Portia enabled Miss Millard to play two short scenes charmingly, and what little there is for Calpurnia was excellently achieved by Miss Lily Hanbury. Mrs. Tree, in the poor part of Lucius, played with intelligence, and sang Sullivan's setting of "Orpheus and His Lute" so prettily that the audience would have encored it if possible.

E. F. S.

FAMOUS PRODUCTIONS OF "JULIUS CÆSAR."

Some plays of Shakspeare's we never see, and think of as frankly unsuited for production in these later days; others we think of as suitable enough for production, but do not expect to see often; others we consider entirely familiar, and apt to be presented at any time. It is in the last of these classes that most of us would place "Julius Cæsar," and yet the opportunities of seeing it have been scarcely more frequent than those of seeing "Titus Andronicus" or "Love's Labour's Lost." From the audience's point of view, this is probably accounted for by the absence of female interest; from the actor's, by the equal prominence of the characters. Here is no Prince of Denmark dominating the whole play, no crook-backed tyrant bearing on his shoulders the weight of five bustling acts. Cæsar himself, Brutus, Cassius, Mark Antony, are parts which great actors have thought worthy of earnest study, and which cannot be played except by performers of skill. Thus, an actor-manager is met by the difficulty of getting together several actors of unusual merit, and has not the benefit of shining conspicuous on his own stage. So much the greater, then, our obligation to Mr. Beerbohm Tree

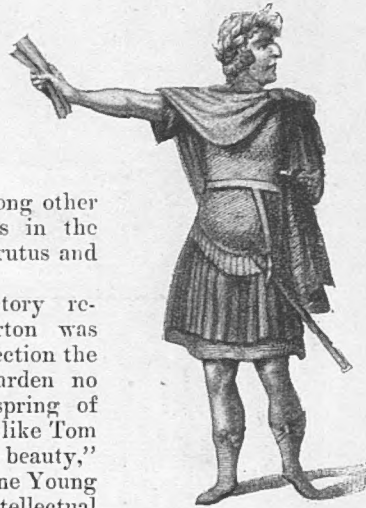
for his enterprise and for his self-denial. It is probable—it is difficult to speak too positively on such a point—that in the "palmy" days "Julius Cæsar" was a more popular play than it is now. At the Restoration it was a "stock" play of the King's Company, with the famous actors, Hart and Mohun, as Brutus and Cassius, while Kynaston, who had been in his youth the loveliest of boy-actresses, was the Mark Antony. After Hart's retirement, Betterton took the part of Brutus, and it is in it that Colley Cibber gives him the glowing panegyric which is so well known and so often quoted. Cibber is praising the judgment with which Betterton varied his spirit to the different characters he played, and points out how, in a passionate scene, he discriminated between the anger of a Hotspur and a Brutus. "Those wild, impatient starts; that fierce and flashing fire, which he threw into Hotspur," says Colley, "never came from the unruffled temper of his Brutus: when the Betterton Brutus was provoked in his dispute with Cassius his spirit flew only to his eye; his steady look alone supplied that terror which he disdained an intemperance in his voice should rise to."

In the next generation Barton Booth was the Brutus, and he was succeeded in the part by Theophilus Keene, an actor whose biography is the very rarest of theatrical memoirs. Keene was the friend of the ill-fated Richard Savage, and that poor wretch wrote his life—a thin octavo pamphlet which is now so scarce that at the Mansfield-Mackenzie sale in 1889 a copy fetched the enormous price of seventeen pounds. Only some four or five copies of this little book are known to exist. Quin's Brutus marks the transition from the old school to the new school founded by Garrick; but the "great little man" did not himself ever appear in "Julius Cæsar," the classical toga, or the substitute

which the stage used for it, not suiting his figure. The greatest reputation made by any actor of that period in the play was made by Spranger Barry in Mark Antony. "Silver-tongued" Barry had, of course, the prime requisite for the part, a beautiful voice, and his handsome figure and fine face must have made him an ideal Antony. It is probable, however, that the admirer dealt somewhat too freely in hyperbole who declared of Barry in the oration scene that "St. Paul never preached so well at Athens!" Among other actors who distinguished themselves in the play may be mentioned Sheridan as Brutus and Henderson as Julius Cæsar. But probably the most satisfactory representative of Brutus since Betterton was John Philip Kemble, under whose direction the play was represented at Covent Garden no fewer than eighteen times in the spring of 1812. Charles Kemble, whose form, like Tom Bowling's, "was of the manliest beauty," played Mark Antony, and Charles Mayne Young was the Cassius, a part in which that intellectual actor took keen pleasure. Young's son, writing of this revival, speaks enthusiastically of the admirable discrimination of character shown even in the walk and bearing of each player. In after years Young gave up Cassius for Brutus; but this was unfortunate, for his Brutus was not so good as Kemble's, while his Cassius was not far from perfect. Macready and Phelps, classical actors both, were successful in Brutus, and both seem to have regarded the character with great affection. Macready again and again refers to it in his Diary. On his farewell performance of it he notes: "Acted Brutus as I never—no, never—acted it before"; and he goes on to speak of the grandeur of soul of the great Roman as he felt it. Phelps chose Brutus as the part in which he should take leave of his faithful audience at Sadler's Wells on Nov. 6, 1862. It is worthy of note that Cassius also was a favourite part of Macready's. He writes of it as "one among Shakspeare's most perfect specimens of idiosyncrasy." Among other performers of Brutus I can only mention E. L. Davenport, John McCullough, and Edwin Booth, the American actors; Henry Marston and Gustavus Brooke, among our own countrymen; while it is scarcely necessary to remind those who were privileged to see them of the production of "Julius Cæsar" by the Saxe-Meiningen Company here in May 1881. "Julius Cæsar" was last seen on the West End stage of the Metropolis in the spring of 1892, when it was produced by Mr. Edmund Tearle and his touring company during a brief tenure of the Olympic Theatre; but the most elaborate revival of the play on the English stage since the visit of the famous Saxe-Meiningen Company to Drury Lane has been that presented by Mr. F. R. Benson in the larger provincial cities with considerable success. In the stage-setting of his production Mr. Benson had the valuable aid of designs by Mr. Alma-Tadema, who is now responsible for the local colour of Mr. Tree's interesting revival.



MR. SHENDON AS BRUTUS.



MR. HENDERSON AS CÆSAR.



MRS. WARD AS PORTIA.



MACREADY AS BRUTUS.



H. MARSTON AS MARK ANTONY.



MACREADY AS CASSIUS AND E. L. DAVENPORT AS BRUTUS.

CHILDREN IN "A ROYAL ROSE OF MERRIE ENGLAND," AT FOLKESTONE.

Photographs by Lambert Weston and Son, Folkestone.

CONCERNING CABS AND CABMEN.

The London cabman is a type indigenous to the Metropolis, and, as such, deserves more attention than is usually vouchsafed him. Judged as a specimen of the genus *homo*, he is, as a rule, a fair example both in regard to his physique and his breeding, while he compares favourably alike with the Parisian *cocher*, the German *droschke fñhrer*, and the Slavonic *ischvostchik*. He is, in short, as far in advance of his Continental prototypes as the vehicle he drives is behind theirs, and, while his driving lacks the vigour of the Russian and the recklessness of the Parisian, it is, as a rule, infinitely superior to both in point of skill and safety.

There are in London to-day no fewer than 13,498 licensed cabmen, who share between them 10,961 cabs. The preponderance of drivers over vehicles is the reverse of what would be expected, but the circumstance obtains in every great capital. It is, however, satisfactory to note that the number of drivers is diminishing, not from any decline in the proportion of candidates, but owing to the increased precautions taken by the police in the issuing of licences. Thus until recently many men held two or three separate licences, and would act as 'bus-conductors in the winter and cabdrivers in the summer. But the authorities have practically abolished these "butterflies," as the cabmen termed them, and no man can to-day take out more than one licence. Another restriction recently imposed is to be noted in the raising of the minimum age limit from sixteen to twenty-one, and in the result there is, according to the recently issued return of the Commissioner of Police, a diminution of 1174 drivers since 1895.

The actual excess of drivers over the number of cabs available, amounting to-day to nearly 12½ per cent., but formerly much greater, was the cause of keen competition in the obtaining of employment, and, as a natural consequence, the prices paid for cabs were run up until very great hardships ensued. The trouble which led to the great cab-strike of 1894 is ancient history, but it is noteworthy that the award made by Mr. Asquith, who in the end was chosen as arbitrator by both sides, has been loyally upheld, and still governs the rates paid to the owners. The "Asquith award" is framed on the average requirements of the public at different times of the year, and ranges from ten shillings a-day during the nine weeks from the middle of August to the middle of October, to sixteen shillings a-day during the six weeks from the beginning of June to the middle of July. These rates are for hansom cabs, four-wheelers paying half-a-crown less. It is worthy of note that not only is the number of hansoms in excess of the "growlers," but that the margin of difference is increasing. The proportion is at present 7425 hansoms to 3536 four-wheelers, the former showing an increase of 157 and the latter a decrease of 93 as compared with last year. This curious tendency is further accentuated by the fact that, of the newly built cabs put upon the streets during 1896, no fewer than 396 were hansoms, while the growlers numbered but 117.

The great proportion of the vehicles referred to belong to owners who either drive themselves or entrust their property to a permanent representative. These men own for the most part but one cab; and while the total number of proprietors in the Metropolis is registered as being 3168, no fewer than 2038 are what is known as single owners. Of the rest, 353 own two cabs, 201 possess three, and 122 four each. Among the wealthier proprietors, many of them private companies, thirteen run ten cabs each, eight stable twenty apiece, and there are three big concerns which boast of 101, 189, and 281 cabs respectively.

Among the chief grievances from which cabmen are supposed to suffer is the excessive number of cabs and cabmen licensed, and this was one of the principal points urged before the Home Secretary's Committee of Inquiry into the metropolitan cab service, which sat in 1895. In that connection it may not be uninteresting to place before the reader a table which I have compiled from reliable statistics respecting the cab-supply in the principal cities of the world—

	Population.	No. of Cabs.	No. of Drivers.	No. of S an 'ngs.
London ...	6,048,000	10,961	13,498	608
Paris ...	2,500,000	12,850	15,000	196
Berlin ...	1,500,000	6,450	11,000	691
Vienna ...	365,000	1,664	3,964	74
New York	1,500,000	1,439	632	30

The varying proportions in the above figures are striking for purposes of comparison, especially the contrast between London and Paris, the French capital, with little more than one-third of the population of our Metropolis, having twenty per cent. more cabs and fourteen per cent. more drivers. It is also worth noting that Berlin, with little more than half as many cabs, has nearly one hundred more standings where vehicles may ply for hire; and that brings us to another of the cabman's grievances, for it is alleged that the existing cab-ranks are insufficient, and that many of them are placed in unsuitable positions, and it is represented that the liability of a cabman to be summoned and fined for patrolling the streets in search of a "fare" is a hardship unmerited in the existing order of things. The police, who have the management of all matters connected with the regulation of traffic in the Metropolis—and it is only just to state that they invariably deal with cabbies in a very kindly spirit, so far as guarding his interests go—are now responding to this complaint by the establishing of numerous small cab-ranks, each for two or three cabs, and the increased facilities thus afforded are greatly appreciated by the men.

The work of supervising cabs and their drivers, as well as regulating their movements, is performed by a special branch of the Metropolitan Police, known as the "Public Carriage and Licensing Department." The work performed by this office employs a number of officers and men at Scotland Yard, in addition to whom there is a special cab inspector with

an attendant sergeant and constable in each of the ten separate districts into which London has been divided for this purpose. These officers, besides exercising general supervision, are constantly engaged in making inspections of cabs plying for hire, at night more especially; and these surprise visits made in different districts are the means of detecting many old and unfit cabs which would not otherwise be recognised until they broke down, and possibly caused a bad accident. In this way no fewer than 270 cabs and 56 horses were found unfit for work last year, in addition to the 1241 cabs and 462 horses reported by the ordinary constables. The majority of these last, however, were due to accidents, which rendered them only temporarily useless.

Returning to the drivers, it is a matter for unquestioned satisfaction that, taken as a body, they are as decent, honest, hard-working, and obliging a set of men as is to be found in any trade or calling. Cab-driving is wearying work. It is exhausting and trying alike to health and temper. The men are exposed to all weathers, and yet get little or no exercise, with the result that they seldom make old bones, and are especially liable to rheumatism, sciatica, bronchitis, and lung-disease. The men are, as a rule, thrifty, and a very large proportion belong to the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, an admirable institution, which provides pensions for the aged and assists the needy. It is noteworthy that the list of members of this association who have died since 1875 does not contain a single instance of a member of more than seventy-eight years, and the majority were still in the prime of life. The statistics collected by this society afford a very excellent opportunity of gauging the character of the modern cabman, and it is satisfactory, and not a little surprising, to note that out of a roll of 1800 benefit members, the number summoned by the police during 1896 was but twenty-three; and of this number, eleven charges were dismissed, the remaining cases being almost entirely made up of such offences as loitering and plying for hire.

If the cabman's honesty be impugned, it is only necessary to take the evidence of the police, who report that no fewer than 32,997 articles, many of them of considerable value, were brought to the Lost Property Office at Scotland Yard during the past year by cabmen, among the objects, most of which were subsequently claimed by their owners, being 2499 purses, 160 watches, and a banker's bag containing £700.

The daily round of the cabman consists in most cases of a grim struggle for existence. His expenses are fixed, but his takings are at best but an unknown quantity. In addition to the uncertainty of his calling, he has to discount the risk of accident, and the chances of getting into difficulties through accidental infringement of any of the various complicated Highway Acts, which bristle with penalties for such misdeeds as standing two abreast, plying for hire in a public thoroughfare, or "loitering." The day's takings are extremely variable, but, striking a fair average, there are few drivers who earn thirty shillings a week all the year round, and a twelvemonth's record of twenty-five shillings weekly profit is regarded as an indication of unusual prosperity, except in the case of particularly smart and well-found cabs or novelties, such as the electric motor-cabs recently introduced, which have been nicknamed "mustard-pots," in reference to their colouring, by the drivers of horses. The prospects offered by cab-driving as a calling were well summed up by a driver of experience, who gave evidence before the Committee of Inquiry already referred to, who said, "There are few cabmen who have a second suit of clothes and a clear rent-book." Thanks, however, to the attention which has recently been drawn to the subject, and to the action now being followed by the authorities of Scotland Yard, there is every prospect that the lot of the London cabman is on the mend, and there are few who will differ from me when I express the hope that the improvement in the driver's lot will be speedy and permanent. A. K.

JOKES AND IDEAS FROM ONE SHILLING.

To Comic Artists, Journalists, &c.—Advertiser supplies jokes, funny ideas, suggestions for articles, stories, &c.—Write C—, —, London, W.C.

The foregoing announcement caught the writer's eye as he was glancing down the advertisement columns of a big daily, and, his curiosity aroused, he sought out the advertiser.

"Just started!" exclaimed Mr. C—, a grave-looking man of about forty, in response to a leading question. "Bless you! I've been 'suggesting' for over ten years. I don't find it necessary to advertise often, however. Among my regular clients are nearly a dozen comic artists—not the big black-and-white men, you know, but those of the rank-and-file who do series of ludicrous sketches for the cheaper comic weeklies. I couldn't draw a pitchfork myself, to save my life; but I'm rather fruitful in ideas, and those who *can* draw are glad to buy them from me. Terms? Well, those all depend upon the quality of a suggestion. Before now I've sold an idea, which has worked out into a series of six sketches, for a shilling; but, in such a case, the suggestion hasn't been very novel or brilliant. A really good idea or joke commands anything from ten shillings to a guinea.

"But don't run away with the notion that comic artists are my only customers. If you like, I can supply you with half-a-dozen rattling good subjects for light articles, or, if short-story writing is in your line, I've a selection of first-rate plots, sensational or humorous. Several well-known authors and journalists are on my books, and stories and articles which have resulted from suggestions of mine have appeared in the best magazines and reviews. I only wish I could work out my own ideas, that's all!

"Well, good-bye. You don't happen to require anything in my line, I suppose? I've a capital notion, now, for a— But the writer vanished—his fat note-book teems with ideas of his own.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
THE LITTLE MINISTER, by J. M. Barrie.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30. Box Office 10 to 10.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, MR. HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15,
JULIUS CÆSAR.
The scenery and costumes produced under the supervision of Mr. Alma-Tadema, R.A.
MATINEES EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30.
Box Office open 10 to 10. Seats booked from 2s.

ST. JAMES'S.—Mr. George Alexander, Sole Lessee and Manager.

EVERY EVENING at 8 punctually (LAST FOURTEEN NIGHTS),
THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.
A new and original play, in five acts, by R. C. Carton.
LAST TWO MATINEES SATURDAY NEXT and SATURDAY following at 2.
FEB. 16 at 2.30, and EVERY EVENING following at 8.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
Box plan now open 10 to 10. ST. JAMES'S.

EMPIRE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, UNDER ONE FLAG

and TREASURE ISLAND.
GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. Doors open at 7.45.

ALHAMBRA.—EVERY EVENING, NEW GRAND BALLET,

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.
Exceptional Variety Programme. ALFRED MOUL, General Manager.

OLYMPIA.**BARNUM AND BAILEY.**

GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.

Fifth Week of the Limited Season.

Overwhelming and Unabated Success.

The Grandest Show ever seen.
Magnificently and Gorgeously Presented.

Three Circus Companies in Three Rings.
Two Olympian Stages, One Huge Race-Track.
Two Complete Menageries, Three Herds of Elephants.
Museum of Living Freaks and Curiosities.
Twenty Funniest Clowns on Earth.
Seventy Horses Performing in One Ring.
Four Hundred Horses, Two Drovers of Camels, Hosts of Queer Animals.
One-Thousand-and-One Marvellous Sights and Wonderful Objects.
A Perfect Kindergarten for Children.

TWO GRAND EXHIBITIONS DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.

Doors open at 12.30 and 6.30.

Early Gates open (Hammersmith Road) at 12 noon and 6 p.m. for 3s. seats and upwards.
Early Entrance Fee 6d. extra.

Owing to the stupendously large show and the general magnitude of the Exhibition, necessitating great preparations, the Menageries, Freak and Horse Fair Departments can only be open from 12 to 4.15 p.m. and from 6 to 10.30 p.m.

No Promenade tickets sold. Every ticket entitling holder to a reserved numbered seat, and admitting to all advertised departments without extra charge.

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BEDROOMS FOR GENTLEMEN.

These are to be had only in London. This is a lie, but more than half the truth. I came to live in London not long since for the second time, and in one room. I have an affection for Chancery Lane, the Inns of Court, and that part of Bloomsbury which is bounded by Red Lion Square, the Foundling Hospital, Gray's Inn, and Holborn. This region is sacred to the memory of Thackeray and Dickens. In Thackeray's works especially we see Bloomsbury as a fashionable quarter in the West End, and a house in Russell Square even in these times, if not very fashionable, is very delightful. An elderly relation, once in the East India Company's service, told me that he remembered when half "The Bench" lived in Russell Square. So I wandered to and fro in these parts, and in the streets leading out of Russell Square.

I explored Milman Street, where "The Little Sister" found a home for Philip and Charlotte near the "Fondling," as "the dear little thing called it," but, not finding what I wanted, I steered south and let go my anchor in Featherstone's Buildings. Even here I was on holy ground, for here was the abode of "F.," the "oilman," Charles Lamb's uncle, who gave him his first order for the play. I found myself in possession of an old panelled room on the second floor, with three windows, and the rights of bed and breakfast.

It is a quiet little street, into which a carriage can only just pass, and the houses look old-fashioned, almost dingy. But a more careful inspection is rewarded by finding fine old staircases with solid balustrades, recessed window-seats, and, in some cases, panelled rooms. They have the air of decayed gentlewomen, and might be taken for poor relations of the fine ladies hard by in Bedford Row. But they are still jealous of their pretensions to rank as persons of degree, and not as shopkeepers, and if you are a secretary of a company, a proprietor of a servants' registry, a lodging-house keeper, or a lodger, and do not care to penetrate the wilds of Bloomsbury or the happy fields that lie further west, here you may fix your seat. You are in the heart of London, but you can hardly feel its pulsations.

Breakfast appears in the morning on a tray, by the hands of the man of the house, while you are still a-dressing, and is so precisely similar day by day that one almost feels as if there were a breakfast-tree in the back-yard, off which the proprietor gathered as many trays as he required. I can find no name exactly to fit the individual I have just referred to. Perhaps "the man of the house" is the nearest. He can hardly be called "the landlord," though, as a rule, he is the husband of the landlady, but is little more than a kind of man-slave. His costume, like that of the Cherub in "Our Mutual Friend," has various degrees of shabbiness. If his coat is presentable, his trousers are ragged; if his boots have good uppers, his hat is weak in the brim. He seems a sort of cross between a retired boots and a discharged butler, without the respectability of the one or the dingy grandeur of the other. To do the poor fellow justice, he is, as a rule, very obliging, and, in many cases, has been out of work for years, through weakness of health, or inability to keep up in the fierce race for bread.

After this, except for the calls of your business, whatever that may be, you are indeed free. Lodgings, especially if you call them rooms, convey to some people visions of absolute freedom from care or responsibility. These happy dreamers are, as a rule, to be found among very young men, who have not, as yet, received the decoration of the latch-key, or among those who live in comfortable houses of their own, and are waited upon hand and foot by willing servants whom they call the plague of their lives.

The choice of gardens in which to sit and read the morning paper is quite bewildering. Perhaps the Charing Cross Garden is the most interesting, on account of the old Water-Gate at the foot of Buckingham Street and the front of the Adelphi. Here we sit at perfect ease while the Citizen of the World hurries past us to his business and the clocks chime on.

Finally, you climb your office-stairs and join in the struggle for existence. The dinner-hour, when it comes, is always interesting, especially if you have a slender purse. To the pangs of hunger you add the joys of indecision as to where you shall dine, with the certainty that in most restaurants the three-and-sixpenny dinner of ten years ago has advanced to five shillings, and that the waiters—well, go with the times, or rather, the dinners. Of course, many dinners, and very excellent, may be had at less cost; while the devout worshipper of Amphitryon may bow himself in many temples of that deity, and offer to him much gold and the incense of Egyptian cigarettes. It is only right to say that the service in all restaurants has been much improved in recent years. The little tables, the table-cloths really white, the electric light, and the perfectly polite waiter are common objects, even at the smaller establishments. The food has so many varieties, with such wonderful names, that it is a puzzle and a pleasure at the same time.

If your money still holds out, you may look in for an hour at a theatre or in the balcony of a West-End music-hall. If you have no money, or the still rarer quality of keeping it in your pocket, you may stroll about. This entertainment will afford more varieties than any music-hall. If you must rest, an Italian or French restaurant or a coffee-tavern will give you mountain-dew, lager beer, coffee, a cigar, or anything stronger or milder, and plenty to look at.

At last you turn homewards and climb the old stairs to bed. Reading in bed has more than its accustomed charm in Featherstone's Buildings. Lighted candles burning in a panelled room until they go out or set fire to the house add a considerable spice of danger to this form of amusement.

SMALL TALK.

A green Christmas makes a fat churchyard. Was this ever truer? The year has begun with an extraordinary series of deaths, robbing all departments of distinction, from the sombreness of the State, in the



THE LATE MR. VILLIERS AS A
YOUNG MAN.

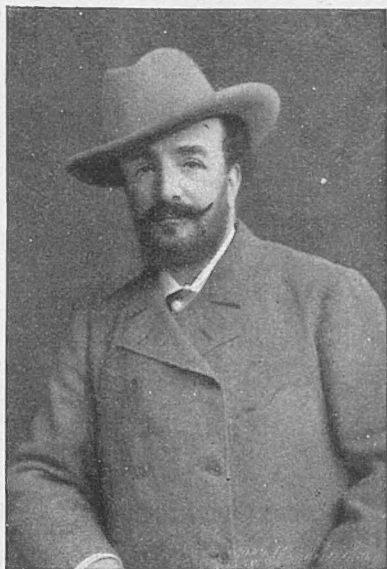
person of the veteran Villiers, to the nursery hearth, which will miss Lewis Carroll, and the school-room, which laments its Liddell.

Mr. Villiers, the late "Father of the House," was personally known to only a few of the present members of Parliament. Many of them had never seen him. He took little part in the business for a quarter of a century, and his voice had not been heard for several Parliaments. Mr. Villiers formed a link with the reign of George II., his father having been born in 1759. He himself came into the world in the second year of the present century. For sixty-three years he represented Wolverhampton in Parliament. He made his Parliamentary debut in 1835,

three years later than Mr. Gladstone; but Mr. Gladstone's record was broken by his absence from St. Stephen's from the end of 1845 till 1847. Mr. Villiers's elder brother, the Earl of Clarendon, was Foreign Secretary under Lord Aberdeen, "Pam," and "Lord John," and for a short time also under Mr. Gladstone. His own name and fame are associated with the Parliamentary struggle for Free Trade. The present generation knew him only by repute. When he went down to the House of Commons during Mr. Gladstone's last régime to vote against the Home Rule Bill, he looked like a spectre from another world. His figure was very bent. The men whom he saw in prominent positions—except Mr. Gladstone, of course—had come upon the scene since the time when he played a leading part. He is succeeded as "Father of the House" by Sir John Mowbray, who is entitled to that position in respect of his having the longest uninterrupted record of Parliamentary service.

It is not often that the lines of Wordsworth, "How fast has brother followed brother from sunshine to the sunless land," are so applicable as in the case of Captain Edward Dunbar-Dunbar, of Lea Park, Forres, who passed away on the morning on which the remains of his brother, Sir Archibald, were interred. Captain Dunbar, who in early life served in the Cheshire Regiment in India, was a well-known authority in the North on all archaeological matters, and his opinion on disputed antiquarian subjects was generally regarded as final. He had published "Documents of the Province of Moray" and "Social Life in Former Days"—a volume which met with favourable comment from Mr. Lecky. Captain Dunbar was known to all the country-side for generous deeds—so ardent, indeed, was his desire to minister to any importunate suppliant whom he came across that his pocket-money had for long been restricted to half-a-crown; he did not, moreover, confine his gifts to hard cash, for on several occasions he has denuded himself of his coat in order to clothe some ragged wayfarer, and sometimes returned home minus his hat. On his estate in the Glen of Rothes, the Captain delighted to convoy a picnic-party to a spot where an echo was singularly distinct, and great was his amusement as he saw the merriment of his auditors when, after he had shouted "What shall I do if my wife takes liquor?" back came the reverberation, "Lick her!"

Last week's terrible mortality list included Signor Nicolini, the husband of Madame Patti, who died at Pau in his sixty-fourth year. He was the son of a Dinard inn-keeper, and made his first "hit" in London as Edgardo in "Lucia di Lammermoor," in May 1866. As a tenor, he was familiar to opera-lovers all over Europe for many years, and became acquainted with Madame Patti, then the Marchioness de Caux, in the early 'seventies. He was married himself (he had two sons and three daughters), but his marriage was dissolved, and he and Madame Patti were married in 1886.



THE LATE SIGNOR NICOLINI.
Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

Lieut.-Colonel C. Cooper-King, who died last week at the early age of fifty-four, after a few weeks' illness, was a distinguished officer, though he had seen no active service. He entered the Royal Marine Artillery in 1860, and retired as Lieutenant-Colonel in 1886. He had held several staff appointments, and was at one time Professor of Tactics at the Royal Military College. At the time of his death he was Lecturer in Natural Science at the Staff College. But it is as a writer on military topics that he will be chiefly remembered, perhaps his best works being "The British Army" and "The Story of the British Army," the latter published quite recently. Other books of his were "A History of Berkshire" and "George Washington," and he edited "Great Campaigns in Europe." He was also for some years editor of the *United Service Institute Journal*. He was respected by all who knew him, and was an extremely kind-hearted man. Although he had been ill but a short time, an attack of influenza some four or five years back had left its traces, and he was never afterwards quite the same man.

By the death of the Dowager Countess Russell her Majesty loses another of her old and esteemed friends. Pembroke Lodge, where the Countess died, is Crown property, and had been granted to the late Earl in return for his valuable services to the State, and the royal permission was given to Lady Russell to reside there after her husband's death. Until her advancing years prevented it, Lady Russell paid frequent visits to her Majesty at Windsor. The Dowager Countess and her daughter, Lady Agatha, identified themselves with all the philanthropic and charitable work of the neighbourhood, and at one time Lady Russell was to be seen almost daily at the schools on the confines of the Park which had been founded by herself and her husband. The picturesque line of almshouses, also in the near neighbourhood, were honoured in the same way. Earlier visitors to this lovely suburb may remember to have seen the stately old lady enthroned in her great square pew over the doorway of the quaint little church of Petersham, but, though Lady Russell retained possession of the pew, for many years before her death she attended divine service at a place of worship of a different persuasion.



THE LATE COUNTESS RUSSELL.
Photo by Byrne, Richmond.

Earl Russell's title descended direct to his grandson, who was then a mere boy, as his eldest son, Viscount Amberley, died before his father. Lady Amberley was a daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley, and a quarter of a century ago she was a leader in all the woman movements of the day. Her death took place under pathetic conditions, as she succumbed to an attack of diphtheria, contracted while nursing her children, who were suffering from the same disease. Her son, the present Earl, owed his life to his mother's care, but her daughter Rachel followed her to the tomb in a few days' time, and Lord Amberley survived the double loss little over a year. It was at Pembroke Lodge that the celebrated Cabinet Council which led to the Crimean War was held, and, according to the old story, the Duke of Newcastle sent his colleagues to sleep by reading to them his voluminous despatch upon the subject.

The death of Mary Cowden Clarke removes all but one of the little cluster of notabilities which the year 1809 gave to the century. The late Professor Blackie, with his genial egotism, once remarked to Mr. Gladstone that there were three great men born in 1809—Blackie, Gladstone, and Tennyson. The trio represents but a fraction of the *annus mirabilis* worthies. There have to be added to it the names of Darwin, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Lord Houghton, Edgar Allan Poe, Abraham Lincoln, Mark Lemon, Chopin, Mendelssohn, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, until cruel research added three years to her age. Mr. Gladstone alone remains. Dr. Holmes once said of him that, just because the Grand Old Man was born in the same year, he was one of a small circle of individuals in whom he took a special personal interest. Naturally enough, men born in the same year can hardly fail to watch each other when the sands begin to run low. Women might do the same, only, of course, they never know who are their contemporaries!

Baron Emanuel de Almeda, who has died at Nice, will be remembered by Londoners of a certain age as the Jewish jeweller of Bond Street. He made a handsome fortune, retired from business, purchased a title, I believe, in Spain, and relinquished the comparative dullness of London for the gaiety of Paris, where he resided in the Rue Balzac. It was not long since that I heard a rather amusing story with regard to him. A friend of mine met an acquaintance who remarked that, a few nights previously, he had met at dinner a foreign nobleman, no doubt the Baron, who had the most wonderful knowledge of pearls, and that for a man of his position it was truly astounding how, at a glance almost, he was able to appraise their value.

Nobody except a few Oxford people knew the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, who has died at the age of sixty-five. Everybody has heard of "Lewis Carroll" and of "Alice in Wonderland." I have in my possession a letter written by this unique humorist to a child friend which illustrates his love of children. The child has been staying in apartments with



THE LATE LEWIS CARROLL.

Photo by Shaveross, Guildford.

friends, and has upbraided the creator of "Alice" with not coming to see her, insinuating that he did not perhaps deem her acquaintances sufficiently attractive. To this charge "Lewis Carroll" replies—

I don't want any more acquaintances for myself. It isn't pride! Please don't think it! It is that I am old, and very tired of Society, and of interchanging commonplaces with strangers. That was the sort of thing that came into my mind. And my conclusion was I would much rather avoid it all and put up at a hotel.

Let me add that, supposing the lodgings had been those of your friend (let us say), the Archbishop of Canterbury, and that he would probably be "looked in" upon by a few other Bishops, my conclusion would have been the same—to go to the hotel, and avoid the whole lot of them. And now *do*, dear child, be friends as we were before.

Brazilian beauties are said to wear fire-flies in their hair, which gives a chance to poets of rhapsodising on the stellar crown of its ebony night. But what bard could sing of the reptile-gem which an ingenious jeweller of the Rue Royale has invented for his fashionable customers? This is a jewelled tortoise. The little live creature, no bigger than a five-franc piece, is kept prisoner by a slender gold chain eight or ten inches in length, so that it can ramble over its lady owner's neck and shoulders. Not being of itself a thing of beauty, it has beauty forced upon it, and is compelled to bear a precious jewel on its back. Does it hurt? The Parisian Society for the Protection of Animals sent to inquire, but found the small creatures apparently contented and torpidly happy. They may not have been conscious that they had risen in the world's esteem from a crown or two up to twenty pounds, but they were perfectly aware that their feelings had been no whit wounded. The gems which adorn them are, in fact, arranged in a platinum setting, which is clasped to the margins of the carapace—a dorsal shield composed of bone and horn, which does not suffer from neuralgia, as it has no nerves. Of course, it is the proper thing to be shocked at this freak of fashion as a new French enormity, but the best society has not adopted it. As for the cruelty of it, it may perhaps surprise the tortoise to be removed from its native mud or moisture, but could hardly annoy anything so placid and purposeless. It does not suffer at the hands of its decorators as do the young ladies who have ears or noses or lips pierced for beauty's sake. It suffers less, certainly, than she

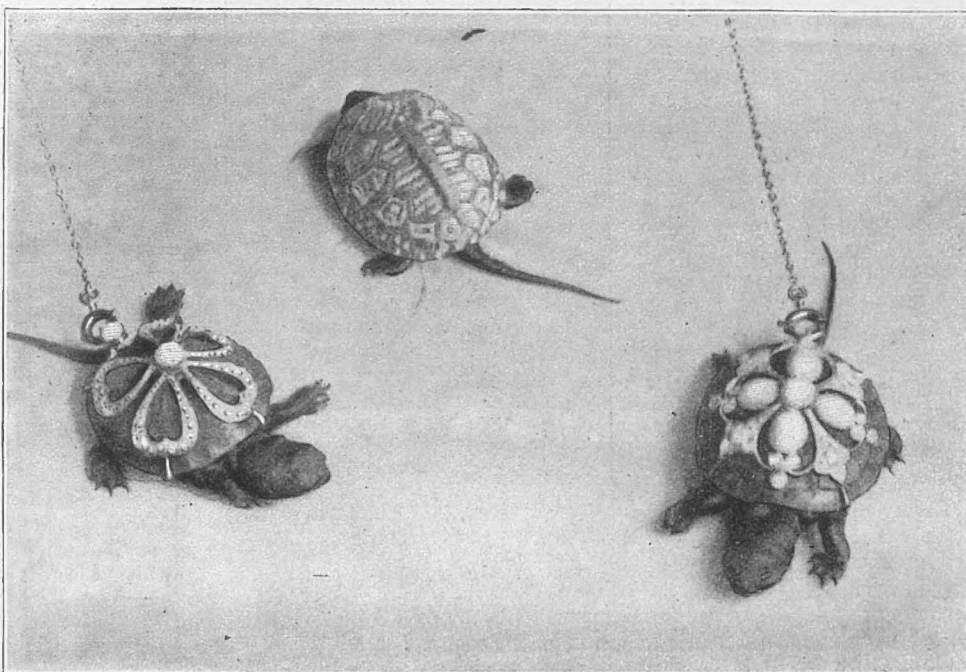
who had diamonds set in her front teeth, and no more than the actress who, in another country, is gratifying her audiences by the sparkle of gems strapped to the back of her hands and attached to her finger-nails.

I learn that the recent numerous raids upon Soho gambling clubs have begun to have an appreciable effect upon the enterprise of the people really responsible for them. While the percentage of raids is small, the proprietor, who, perhaps, has half-a-dozen of these clubs in as many streets, and pays some unscrupulous, hard-up fellow a very few pounds to manage them for him, takes the good with the bad and rejoices in his big balance of profit. When, however, one raid follows upon the heels of another, and the magistrate inflicts the heaviest fines permissible, the aspect of affairs changes, and I am inclined to believe that a well-maintained action by the police will make Soho comparatively respectable in a year or so. I have an idea that the gambling clubs are forced upon people by the low wages and pressure of work. This sounds unreasonable, but the facts are clear. People who work too much usually play too much; stimulant is necessary to the jaded body and to the jaded mind. Curiosity once took me to a Soho gambling club and kept me there ten minutes; then disgust intervened and hurried me away.

I daresay you remember seeing and hearing little Miss Florence Bogarte, at the Palace Theatre. She appeared there about a year ago, and, having heard her sing certain florid excerpts from Italian opera, I counselled her to leave the stage until her voice grew stronger and more matured, for there were signs that a great gift of song was bursting into life, and might, properly trained and reared, flood our opera-houses and concert-halls with melody. One night last week I met Miss Bogarte again and heard her sing some songs from the new opera, "La Bohème," not Puccini's, but Leoncavallo's. Not only has her voice developed, but she possesses that sympathy and intelligence that give to the operatic score its greatest charm. It would not be fair to give any details of Leoncavallo's new opera, more particularly as I hear it is to be shortly produced in London. Suffice it to say that many of the passages are of extreme beauty. Honour must be paid where it is rightly due, and to Madame Sconzia great praise attaches for the wonderful way in which she has trained the young singer.

My readers will be glad to know that the paragraph I inserted the other week has resulted in Mr. Leslie Gilbert being restored to his friends. I have received a letter of thanks from his family.

Miss Nellie Thorne, whose delightfully frank and charming rendering of the rôle of Sylvia in "A Bachelor's Romance" at the Globe Theatre is so immense a help to the artistic whole of that play, is a new-comer to the London dramatic world. She belongs to the old and honoured theatrical family of Thorne, and promises not only to be a very worthy representative thereof, but to earn many fresh laurels for it. She is a daughter of Mr. Fred Thorne, who is appearing at this moment in Mr. Pinero's new play as the "eminent greengrocer of Rosamond Street," but was born in Brooklyn, U.S.A., and from there went to Australia when only a baby, remaining in the Colonies until she was five years of age, when her parents returned to England, and here she has been educated and has studied for the stage with her aunt, Miss Sarah Thorne, at her popular school at Margate, where she began her professional career and did much good and useful work. She has now been on the stage for the last five years, a time which, when one sees her extreme youthfulness and girlish freshness, seems quite impossible; but she has already had two American tours, the last being with her present manager, Mr. John Hare. The Thornes appeared in great force lately in "A Triple Alliance," at the Strand Theatre.



TORTOISES USED AS GEMS.

London will beautify itself in time—of that I have no doubt whatever. Westminster is a good place to begin with, and a capital start has been made by erecting the statue of Boadicea on a pedestal at Westminster Bridge. This fine group, as I have already told my readers, was designed by the late Mr. Thornycroft, and was offered to London by his son, Mr. John I. Thornycroft, for less than the price of the casting. Mr. W. J. Bull, the enthusiastic representative of Hammersmith on the County Council, took up the matter, with the result that Messrs. Singer, of Frome, have cast the group in bronze, and a plaster cast of it has been erected at Westminster to test the effect. I think it excellent. Meanwhile, Parliament is going to be asked to sanction a private scheme for transforming the area between Lambeth Bridge and the Abbey into a fine embankment.

The new sculptural representation by Signor Botazzi of the Lion of St. Mark, under the canopy over the great window of the Doge's Palace at Venice, recalls to mind the celebrated Lion of Lucerne, and also

that still more majestic one immortalised in Tenniel's cartoons. With true Italian constancy to the traditions of the nation's past, Signor Botazzi in his fine piece of work has adhered closely to the old picture of the Lion, notably the famous Sign shown on a proclamation dated December 1718, and published by the Pinelli, State Printers to several of the Doges. Winged, with tail in air, the Lion rests one paw upon the Bible, which bears the inscription, "Pax Tibi, Marce, Evangelista Meus." In the new work there kneels before the Lion Andrea Gritti, who was Doge from 1523 to 1528, and whose portrait is extant in the "Elogia" of Paulus Jovius. Another Lion, rampant, was used as their device by the printers, the brothers Navò, on the books issued by them at the Sign of the Lion. According to Professor Paolo Bellezza, of Milan, they were really of French origin, and were named Naveau.



THE STATUE OF QUEEN BOADICEA TO BE PLACED ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

Some time ago the *New York Critic*

gave currency to the rumour that the new journal, *Literature*, was to be edited by Mr. R. S. Hichens and Mr. H. D. Traill, whereupon the manager of *Literature* wrote the following letter to the *Critic*—

With the underlined paragraph the manager of *Literature* wholly agrees, but, as he is absolutely unaware of Mr. Hichens' existence, has never read "The Green Carnation" or "Flames," has never to his knowledge met the author of these books or any person of the name of Hichens, and has never received any letter or application for employment from any one of the name, the whole of the above cutting seems rather fatuous.

This is all very well, Mr. Moberly Bell, but Mr. Hichens is one of the most promising of our younger writers, and it bodes ill for *Literature* if it knows only the old gentlemen of journalism.

I have received a very charming box containing a number of packets of Player's Gold-Leaf Navy-Cut cigarettes. Each of these small packets contains a portrait of some eminent person; but it is of more importance to record that I have found these cigarettes make very excellent smoking. While I am on the subject, I have at the same time received a very handsome pipe, known as the "Masta," a pipe which claims that, by certain simple principles of construction, it is able to exclude nicotine and clean itself automatically.

A correspondent of the *Field* gives some interesting details concerning the game-catching business in North America, an industry now practically extinct owing to the increased stringency of the game laws. There are numerous menagerie parks in the States, and the proprietors are, or were, willing to spend any money on new additions to their collections. A buffalo calf was worth five hundred dollars to the captor, and a thousand dollars is said to have been offered for a pair of full-grown moose, animals easy enough to catch in the deep snow of winter, but most difficult, it appears, to keep alive. They fight furiously when first taken, and when they find escape hopeless they lie down and die. Wapiti are as easy to take as moose, and give little trouble, eating hay readily soon after capture—rather fortunate, one would think, in view of the terrible weapons the wapiti has in his antlers, and the strength behind them. There is only one paddock of the Deer and Cattle Sheds at the "Zoo" the head keeper does not care to enter, and that is the one occupied by Billy, the magnificent wapiti stag. Wapiti, according to the game-catcher quoted, are now a drug in the market. The demand for such

"stock" both in America and England must be rather limited, particularly when these animals breed readily in large captivity.

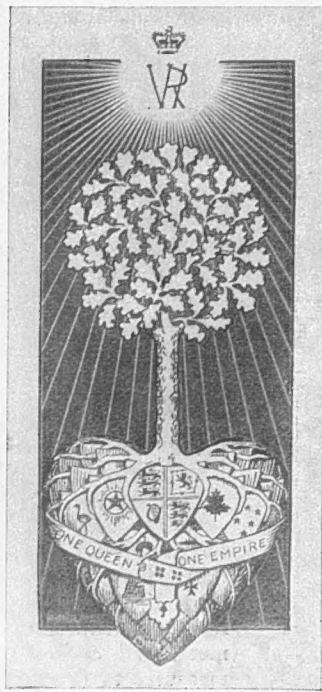
River men will do well to bestir themselves in the short time remaining ere Parliament meets and concert measures to defeat the aims of the Great Western Railway Company. The company have in view the construction of a new branch line from Marlow to Henley, only a few miles of length, it is true, but so designed that, if carried out, the scenery of the Henley Reach will be destroyed, at least in so far as the lower end is concerned. Construction of this branch line involves the erection of a lofty viaduct or an embankment from a cutting through Remenham Hill to a point on the bank opposite the eyot below Marsh Lock, which eyot is to be made the site of the necessary bridge. It will be a hideous eyesore if the company carry out their intention. I know that the traffic in this district has enormously

increased of late years; large alterations have been made on the line to meet its requirements; but it appears to me that, by spoiling the Henley Valley, the company go just the right way to reduce the passenger traffic for whose anticipated increase they are thus preparing. Mar the beauties of the Henley scenery, and it appears to me that the beauties of the traffic returns for the Regatta week will suffer in corresponding degree.

The *Era* Almanack's main feature this year is its readings of various actors' palms. I think the *Era* is on the wrong tack, however. The paper itself is splendidly matter-of-fact and useful. Why should not the Almanack contain facts instead of fancies like these—summarising the stage-story of the year, and from the fact point of view, as Mr. Archer, in the *Theatrical World*, does from the mere opinion standpoint?

If the resources of animated photography can be called into use to represent a prize-fight, they can, surely, with at least equal appropriateness, be employed to depict scenes from the Scriptures. In America, I observe, the Passion Play, as acted at Horitz, the Austrian Oberammergau, is being given by the aid of Lumière's Cinématographe, as many as eighty thousand pictures being used.

The Victorian Era Ball, given by the Governor-General of Canada and the Countess of Aberdeen in Toronto last month, was a great success, commemorating the progress made by the Empire during the reign of her Majesty. The idea was carefully carried out in all its details under the personal supervision of their Excellencies; the various groups and divisions are shown on the inside page of the programme. A dramatic incident was the reading by the Governor-General of a cable from the Queen approving of the idea of the ball and conveying her Majesty's good wishes, upon which the assembled guests, numbering over two thousand, rose and sang a verse of the National Anthem and gave three cheers for the Queen. The programme was printed in royal purple and gold, the design representing an oak-tree, the roots of which form a heart.



A DOMINION BALL PROGRAMME.

horse will first be put through its paces and undergo an examination to satisfy the judges that it is an irreproachable type of the class it is intended to represent. The trainers intend to form themselves into a co-operative society to defray all costs of transport.

A lawsuit has been going on in Paris as to the validity of messages sent by telegraph. A certain M. Roulle gave notice last September, in a telegram to his landlord, that he intended to give up his flat. This, the landlord argued, was not the proper way to give notice, and he claimed his next quarter's rent. The two parties accordingly went to law, and the judge came to the conclusion that the landlord was right, and that such messages could not legally or decently be sent by wire.

There is a cabby in Paris who has the words "English spoken" written upon the lamps of his cab. This seems a very modest announcement, considering that the learned Jehu is said to be able to converse fluently also in German, Italian, and even Arabic. I remember driving in a London cab once with George Moore, when he had just come back from Paris. He liked to consider himself half a Frenchman, and affected to forget he was not still in France. "Cocher," he exclaimed through the trap-door, in the accents of Stratford-atte-Bowe, "vous me conduirez au Café Royal?" To his amazement, the cabman replied, rolling his "r's" in true Paris *royou* style, "Tr-r-r-ès bien, M'sieu," and whipped up merrily. Moore was amazed and stopped the cab at once to inquire into the matter, and learnt that, by an extraordinary coincidence, the cabman was a Frenchman. So delighted was Moore that in an outburst of generosity he made me give the man an extra sixpence.

Herewith I give a picture of Miss Clarke in the dress which took the first prize at the last Covent Garden Fancy-Dress Ball.

I congratulate the *City Press* on its excellent supplement dealing with the Cripple-gate fire. It gives a report of the inquiry and a series of splendid photographs of the scene of the disaster, with some suggestions for the future. If only the Great Fire had been treated similarly!

Are we doing our duty to the vegetation in England? I raised this question once before in these columns apropos of a lecture by that

advanced thinker, Dr. R. T. Cooper, upon the need for an Arborvital League, and only a few evenings ago, at a small gathering of cosmopolitan scholars and thinkers, the same subject arose for discussion, and was handled broadly and fearlessly by several able men. Many places on the coast were cited as affording unmistakable evidence of the encroachment of the sea, and the condition of the land was compared unfavourably with the conditions prevalent in many Continental countries. The ancients clearly recognised that the duty of inhabitants towards their country lay in developing vegetation; clearing streams, and raising trees, especially on high lands where trees acted as reservoirs to hold moisture and thus minimise the effects of drought. Ancient peoples also knew how to plant the grasses that would arrest the inroads of the sea, and the fertilising of the soil was so highly valued that there is a theory that the Druids, after setting tree plantations on high land and natural mounds, buried their dead there to nourish the roots.

It is, in any event, certain that the remains of these salutary laws for the maintenance of the earth's status are seen in the enactments, prevalent to this day in some countries, that no man may cut trees or grass without sowing where he has destroyed, and it is to be feared that in England the dignitaries of the Office of Woods and Forests have not taken any drastic measures to preserve the timber of the country. The importance of vegetation, the necessity of recognising what Nature desires, and aiding in the development of her intentions, has been lost sight of by a civilisation that works in a very great hurry and has no time to consider problems that do not press for immediate solution. That the necessity for a strongly equipped Arborvital League must be recognised during the coming century goes without saying, for the minds of men are being prepared for it; but by the time the tardy day arrives the accumulation of work to be done will be enormous. The value of timber to England did not, as too many people suppose, decrease when our warships ceased to be the wooden bulwarks of the country.

Admirers of Annie Thomas's novels will be interested to learn that her daughter, Miss Daisy Pender Cudlip, has been playing the part of Juliette in one of "The Geisha" companies, and is now figuring in a Belfast pantomime.

Mr. Charles Withey, who has for some time been managing the Palace Skating Club, has now been appointed manager of the National Skating Palace. The appointment is justified by the successful manner in which Mr. Withey has done rather difficult work. In the present vexed condition of public thought, when a little Sunday liberty is regarded by some as a boon and by others as a curse, skill is needed to direct a house in such manner that the playful shall be pleased and the serious shall not be shocked. This Mr. Withey has done, and I wish him success in his new sphere of activity.

What next? I have received the first number of the *Home University*, which describes itself as a magazine and notebook of all-round knowledge and aids to memory, and is published at Haslemere. It partakes of the nature of a school-book, an encyclopædia, and a journal of science and literature. This recipe, which is quoted, may do for "making Latin prose," but certainly not for making English verse—

If you are wishful to be pat in
The curious art of writing Latin,
'Tis a good plan by heart to know
Some Livy and much Cicero; . . .
Then often read most carefully
Zumpt, Roby, Key, and Kennedy,
And Madvig; for, said Shilleto,
"Latin right well that Dane did know."

The River Dee, which is Royal, has just got a pretty book all to itself, written by Mr. A. I. McConnochie, who is one of the most inveterate hill-climbers in Scotland, and illustrated by Mr. J. G. Murray, who is a very charming artist in black-and-white, though his work is not sufficiently known beyond his native heath. Mr. McConnochie, who has learned the art of the itinerary by writing several excellent guide-books, traces the river from its source in the famous Wells away in the Cairngorms, by far the largest plateau in the United Kingdom, and takes us down to the mouth, eighty-five miles away, at Aberdeen. The result is a very beautiful book (printed in Aberdeen)—quite the best of its kind I have seen.

MISS DAISY PENDER CUDLIP
IN "THE GEISHA."

MISS CLARKE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

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SOME PEOPLE IN PANTOMIME.



MISS JULIE RING AS THE PRINCESS IN "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY,"
AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM.
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MADAME GRIGOLATI AS QUEEN HUMMING-BIRD IN "THE BABES
IN THE WOOD," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS CICELY TURNER, THE ALICE FITZWARREN IN "DICK WHITTINGTON,"
AT THE GRAND THEATRE, ISLINGTON.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.



MISS MILLIE LEGARDE AS PEKOE IN "ALADDIN," AT THE
GRAND THEATRE, FULHAM.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

A very interesting article on the Queen's personal interest in India appears in the February number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, written by the Moulvie Rafiuddin Ahmad. Her Indian Secretary is the Munshi Abdul Karim, C.I.E., and he is, perhaps, the first Oriental so

of cities under "protected" native rule, they keep—or kept ten years ago—a number of tigers in small cages. When a European visitor approached, the keeper immediately appeared from his house close by, salaamed profoundly, and proceeded first to spit on his charges and then to stir them up with an iron rod kept for the purpose. When the savage roaring this treatment naturally produced died away, that keeper salaamed more profoundly and held out his hand. If bakhshesh was not promptly forthcoming, he said that "owing to fear of the Presence, these sons and daughters of female dogs do not roar their loudest," and spat and stirred again.



THE QUEEN TAKING AFTERNOON TEA.

From a Photograph taken with the Queen's approval by Mr. Henderson.

honoured at a European Court. Syed Mustafa is her senior Indian attendant. The other contents of the *Magazine* are very readable.

This advertisement from the *Indian Pioneer* tells its own story—

WANTED.

An experienced BUTLER for a bachelor. Must understand the care of uniform and accoutrements. Must be clean and active and, if possible, honest. Must be equal to camp life. No native of Belgaum need apply. No CHRISTIAN need apply. Wages Rs. 15.—Address, CAPTAIN TYLER, Royal Artillery, Belgaum.

It is well known to every intelligent visitor to India, and to everyone here outside of the "flocks" who subscribe to missionary societies, that no one would care to employ a converted native, his conversion being generally only a subterfuge for cheating his master. I have had pretty abundant opportunities in my time of seeing the utter imposture of these missionary busybodies, and the more widely it is recognised at home the better.

The correspondent who sends the following to the *Calcutta Asian* states that his information came to him on unimpeachable authority.

During a royal hunt in one of the Rajpoot States, an exceptionally fine tiger was caught—netted, no doubt—and lured into a cage; his captors then proceeded to noose his feet and draw them through holes bored in the floor of the cage, and a blacksmith was directed to draw his claws. The tiger's legs having been secured by ropes, the royal sportsmen had a sliding door in the cage opened, and when the captive put his head out, they shut the door down on his neck while the blacksmith, with mallet and chisel, broke off his teeth; preparations were concluded by muzzling the poor brute with strong wire in some inhuman fashion. The tiger was then released, to be baited by dogs, and, despite his maimed condition, he killed several before the "sportsmen" wearied of the game and shot him.

If this story is true, and the information is said to have come from an eye-witness—and there is nothing impossible in the crippling part of the business—one would dearly like to take each of those Rajpoot royalties in turn and read him a lesson with a cutting-whip. Natives have singular ideas concerning the use of caged tigers. At the end of a street in Jeypore, one of the finest and most advanced

naturally feels sore about it. The sergeant suggests also that a recruit, if dissatisfied with the regiment of his choice, shall be allowed to exchange into another, and even into a different branch of the service. This suggestion has something to recommend it, and is certainly novel; but I doubt if it would be successful. Some men are never satisfied.

Certain European countries treat their soldiers better than others do, and give them many more comforts. In the matter of beds the French soldier is said to be the best-off. Each man has a little camp-bedstead, a straw mattress, and a woollen one on the top of that. Then he has sheets, a blanket, and a warm rug besides, for the winter. The English Tommy Atkins fares next best. His bed is hard, for he has a very thin mattress, but he is allowed plenty of warm coverings. In Spain he has no bed at all, only a rough mattress on the ground, but he is given a bolster, blankets, and sheets. In Austria and Germany he has only a hard straw mattress to lie on, with one or two rugs, and no sheets or pillows. Until just lately the Russian soldier never undressed at all, but had to sleep in his clothes on a rough couch; now, however, the Government is beginning to see about giving him a proper bed.



THE QUEEN'S INDIAN SECRETARY, THE MUNSHI ABDUL KARIM, C.I.E.

Visits to Mecca have hitherto been accomplished by Europeans only with the utmost inconvenience and risk. Our ideas of the pilgrimage and the Holy City have accordingly depended upon second-hand descriptions for the most part. Nowadays, however, the snapshot camera is ubiquitous, and the holiest places cannot entirely resist its invasions. During the last pilgrimage an irreverent Turk so far forgot himself as to take a camera with him, and the accompanying snapshot, which he took, enables us to obtain a glimpse of the faithful at the very moment when they were assembled in expectation of the Prophet's sacred relics being exhibited. The crowds are all standing up, but in another instant they will all be prostrated with their faces to the soil. The extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere has afforded the utmost wealth of detail in a very small space.

Talking of Mecca, it is interesting to note that the Sultan has just built there the biggest house in the world. It is intended for the accommodation of pilgrims, and is capable of sheltering six thousand persons. The next biggest house in the world is in a suburb of Vienna. It consists of 1500 rooms, 13 courts, and 31 staircases, and accommodates 2112 tenants. Next come the three Rowton houses in London, with 800, 677, and 500 tenants respectively. After them, perhaps, Trinity College, Cambridge, is the largest, or, it may be, some of the immense Gordon Hotels.

A most curious use of the auditorium of a theatre has been made by Mr. Charles Coghlan in "The Royal Box," an adaptation of Dumas' play "Kean, ou Désordre et Génie," which he has produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York.

The hero is a tragedian called Clarence (played, of course, by Coghlan), a friend of the Prince of Wales in 1810. He becomes involved in an intrigue with the Countess Helen, the wife of the Swedish Ambassador to England. Appearing at a benefit performance at Drury Lane Theatre, in the Balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," his jealousy is aroused by seeing the Prince seated in the Royal Box by the side of the woman he loves, and, stopping abruptly in his part, he denounces the Prince from the stage. This occurs in the fourth act, one of the ordinary stage-boxes of the theatre being used, as represented in the accompanying photograph. Clarence is deserted by his friends, and suffers social ostracism, but is loved in his adversity by Celia Pryse, a wealthy stage-struck girl, who prefers a stage career with Clarence to marriage with Lord Bassett, a dissolute young nobleman whom her guardian has chosen for her. Finding comfort in her devotion, and being informally banished from England,

Clarence introduces Celia as his leading lady, and sails with her to win fame and fortune in America. Mr. Coghlan's Clarence is a highly artistic performance, and has been made the subject of unanimous praise.



OUTSIDE A MOSQUE IN MECCA.

Photo by F. Soler.



CURIOUS SCENE IN MR. CHARLES COGHLAN'S PLAY, "THE ROYAL BOX," IN NEW YORK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Lewis Carroll is dead, but his spirit abides in our literature, politics, and daily affairs. Last week I alluded to Mr. Stead's delusion that he and "Julia" must be two distinct people because she lectures him and he contradicts her. He has unconsciously borrowed this psychological puzzle from "Alice's Adventures," wherein that engaging child has the same habit of arguing with herself. In all the controversies of the hour you will see the logic of the Red Queen, who explained to Alice that if a bone were taken from a dog, and if the dog lost his temper and went off, the temper would remain. If you take the engineers' eight-hours day from the employers' lock-out notices, what will be left? Clearly the personal feelings of Mr. John Burns! The very day before Lewis Carroll's death, the *Chronicle* announced that Mr. Cronwright Schreiner was about to publish a book on the Angora goat, including "a paper on the Ostrich." Both those interesting creatures, I presume, have been bred by Olive Schreiner's husband on the South African Farm in the intervals of moral campaigns. I expect to find in Mr. Schreiner's volume something like this—

*The Ostrich and Angora Goat
Discussed the Jameson Raid.
"If Rhodes had wings," the Goat inquired,
"Would Kruger be afraid?"
"I've heard of eggs," the Ostrich said,
"That don't know where they're laid!"
"I lunch off Olives," said the Goat,
"And dine off Nests of Mares.
Sometimes Selous is good enough
To shoot me bulls and bears."
"How thin and pale," the Ostrich sighed,
"We'd grow on Chartered Shares!"*

A correspondent in Glasgow has the Lewis Carroll inspiration in rather uncanny blank verse. My remarks on the publication of 1960 novels last year have moved him to this—

Then let—
(If such as they attune sweet Nature's song)
The shrilling winds, full fulmined flakes of light,
The waver'd thunder's culminating clangs,
All faculties of Earth and Air and Sky,
Transfund the shudder'd vault to solid pitch
Of torrent steel (blue-deep and glittering)
To shroud all varies from the face of Earth
In one vast fulmen All out-parallel
To Hell.

"O heaven and earth! And shall I couple hell?" cried Hamlet. He had a pretty gift of words; but it seems weak after the "solid pitch of torrent steel" from Glasgow.

You remember the Knight in "Through the Looking-Glass," whose method of learning to ride was to fall off his horse every few yards and exclaim, "Plenty of practice!" He has served as a model to many of our public men; but his most attractive disciple is a retired American diplomatist, disclosed to fame by the *New York Critic*. Nearly forty years ago, the American Minister at St. Petersburg sent to his Government "a plan for the invasion of England." This appears to be unknown in the War Office at Washington; but the "plan" may be concealed somewhere, to be produced when fortune frowns on the British Empire, and the time has come for America to strike home! How can Englishmen sleep peacefully in their beds when they learn that the name of this organiser of victory is Cassius Marcellus Clay? He is over eighty; but he tells the *Critic* that the war idea is still in his "trend of thought." Perhaps he has contrived more plans—"plenty of practice"—for our destruction! The *Critic* endeavours to soothe our agitation by remarking that "our kin beyond the sea need not bother to bestrew their harbours with an extra supply of torpedoes." But Mr. Edison was reputed to have a plan for destroying the whole British Navy in a few minutes, and who knows that Cassius Marcellus, with his engines of devastation, may not descend one morning on Wimbledon Common in a cylinder, like Mr. Wells's Martians? There was one way of conciliating him, but nobody has thought of it in time. His name would look remarkably well in the play-bill of "Julius Caesar" at Her Majesty's! Just think of it, at the head of the cast, of course—

Cassius Mr. CASSIUS MARCELLUS CLAY.
(The American Invader.)

Lewis Carroll had the keenest sense of life's paradoxes, perhaps because his career was one of the greatest. A mathematician, he revelled in the topsy-turvy; a logician, he delighted to show the absurdity of

pure reason as applied to human affairs; a theologian, he made his fame when he donned the motley and forgot the pulpit. His humour might be described, in the language of the racing stable, as by divinity out of mathematics—a pedigree which weighed upon his spirits in his declining years. With what amazement many of us read the preface to "Sylvia and Bruno"—a sermon on the frivolity of theatrical amusements, especially for children! Here the humorist melted away, and the theologian reappeared with a tract on sudden death in a theatre as a shocking entrance upon the life to come! In "Sylvia and Bruno" are some of the most delicious nonsense-verses he ever wrote, worthy to rank with the "Walrus and the Carpenter," and with the Mock Turtle's legend of the dance of the lobsters. If we did not believe that these would survive his solemn preachments, we might be tempted to add this to the metamorphosis of the Banker's Clerk into the Hippopotamus, and of the Kangaroo into the Vegetable Pill—

*He thought he saw Philosophy
Escaping from a church.
He looked again and saw it was
A Parrot on a Perch.
"At last I understand," he said,
"That fun is in the lurch!"*

It was shown the other day how Lewis Carroll had anticipated the Dreyfus case by the trial in "Alice's Adventures" of the prisoner who is convicted upon a document he did not write. This system of justice is further explained by the Red Queen, who informs Alice that, when a prisoner has undergone his punishment, it will be time to consider his crime. This is the attitude of the intelligent patriots who are opposed to a revision of the judgment on Captain Dreyfus. The military mind in Paris reasons like this: "If we find a treasonable paper, and the handwriting of a Jewish officer bears some resemblance to it, let us inflict a barbarous sentence on him, and insult his name and his family. But if we find another officer, not a Jew, whose handwriting resembles the document much more strongly, and whose letters show that he detests the French Army, and wishes he were a German, let us acquit him, embrace him, and make him a hero!" This procedure seems eminently wise and patriotic to the French Government, to the juvenile statesmen of the Quartier Latin, and to the Drumonts and the Rocheforts, who suggest that it is a public duty to lynch Jews and loot their property. Against this confederacy you have the "Dreyfus Syndicate," which consists of the decent and rational people who have the courage to stand up for truth and fair play. Foremost among them is Emile Zola, who is to be tried for defaming that exquisite military mind. He has demanded justice, even for a Jew; he has denounced the mockery of judicial forms which has scandalised Europe; and he is to be indicted by men who have conspired to suppress facts, who, well aware that Captain Dreyfus never made any "confession," have resorted to the cowardly meanness of pretending that such a statement exists, though they cannot publish it!

M. Zola is fighting against a degraded prejudice for the elementary principles of social rights, and he is applauded by every generous spirit. But he has been attacked in some quarters which ought to know better, as if he were risking fortune, repute, and even personal safety, for the sake of advertisement! The most popular writer in France braves an odium which may be fatal, and all for the sake of selling more copies of his books! I find this absurd suggestion in a journal which sneers at M. Zola merely because it does not like his novels. It ought to be ashamed of such literary parochialism. If a leader-writer in the *Times* cannot feel the power of "Germinal," that is a poor reason for accusing the author of seeking *réclame* because he is striving to relieve his country from the shame of what he believes to be a frightful miscarriage of justice. Zola is one of the few great men in France who have dared to speak plainly to their countrymen about the national defects. To their own generous ideals of liberty the French are too often blinded by racial or religious delirium. So gay, so courteous, and so brave, such masters of the art of life, which, in less favoured countries, becomes a penitential chain, the French are lacking in that broader humanity which restrains passion, and does justice though the heavens fall. Zola's higher vision has inspired him with a passionate hatred of wrong, above all of the wrong which apes the "national defence," the "honour of the French Army," all the idols invoked to shield the blundering statesman and the malignant fool.

Here is a man whose splendid courage recalls Voltaire's crusade against the cruel bigotry which destroyed Jean Calas. Voltaire was more religious than the Church in his day, and Zola is more patriotic than the accusers of Dreyfus. Whatever may befall him, he commands the homage of all to whom justice is no empty word, and France too dear to be profaned by savages who take her name in vain.

HAGEN is slain by QUEEN CHRIEMHILD.



GILBERT JAMES '97

She kills him with his own sword, once her husband's.—CARLYLE.

MR. STILLMAN'S ESSAYS.*

Mr. W. J. Stillman's life, as he says, has been "not uninteresting in adventure, and marked by some strange experiences in men and things." A few of these experiences are described in his recently published volume of essays. The least happy feature of the volume is its title. In "The Old Rome and the New, and Other Studies," there is only one chapter on Rome, while "the Other Studies" embrace essays on London, Greece, art, and American men of letters. Rome, however, exercises upon the author a peculiar fascination. To him it is still pre-eminently "the city of the soul," and so mindful is he of its character that he gives a certificate even of its sanitary condition. The new civilisation, while it has done much to disfigure and degrade the city, has also made it cleaner and healthier; life is dearer than it used to be, but the rate of insurance on it is lower. "In a residence," says Mr. Stillman, "of nearly a dozen years in the aggregate, and extending over a period of nearly thirty, I have never had in my family a single serious illness or a case of typhoid or malaria, and in my personal acquaintance I have never known half-a-dozen cases of intermittent or malarial fever, and not one of any gravity." And, again, he confidently declares that "a person in moderate circumstances, able to choose his quarters, can pass the months between September and July in Rome under as favourable conditions of health and comfort as in any city of Europe; and, with less precautions against the heat than in New York one must take against the cold, he may pass the entire year." Thus boldly does Mr. Stillman stand up for the physical reputation of the city of his love, while at the same time he endeavours to convey to his pages some of its spiritual fascination. These essays are full of the charm of a cultured man who sees with an artistic eye and writes with a fluent pen. Perhaps it is his artistic sensitiveness which makes him so severe a critic of London. Here he seems to have been impressed chiefly by the labyrinth of railways; this "stupendous accumulation of engineering accomplishment" appealed to his imagination. On the other hand, he makes almost too much of the poverty and ugliness of London, and writes with democratic disgust of the servility of the West-End flunkey. Yet he is constrained to admit that he has known in London the most angelic natures that it has ever been his lot to encounter. "From all this antagonism of extremes, from all the heat and ferment of this alembic of humanity, there comes not only much refuse—dead matter which goes back to decay and first disorganisation—but there distils the truest, divinest spirit humanity can embody."

To many readers the most interesting chapters will be those on art. A still larger number may prefer the familiar peeps given of men of letters on the other side of the Atlantic. In "The Philosophers' Camp," Mr. Stillman describes a summer holiday spent by a number of eminent men in the huge forest of the Adirondack region of New York State—a gathering which has been made memorable in a poem by Emerson. Longfellow was pressed to go, but he hated killing animals, had no interest in fishing, and was too settled in his habits to enjoy camping in a forest. Possibly he was decided in his refusal by Emerson's purchase of a rifle. "Is it true that Emerson is going to take a gun?" he asked Mr. Stillman. "Yes," was the reply. "Then I shall not go," said Longfellow; "somebody will be shot." A pleasant life it was that they led in their forest camp. They ate a deer every day, and their lake furnished trout in perfection. Emerson entered into the life with thorough zest, and found much to study. Longfellow once said of him that he used his friends as one did lemons—when he could squeeze nothing more from them he threw them away. Mr. Stillman dissents from this view, but proceeds to show that it was partially true. What seems to him the truth is that Emerson instinctively divided men into two classes, with one of which he formed personal attachments which, though tranquil and undemonstrative, as was his nature, were lasting; in the other he simply found his objects of study, problems to be solved and other solutions recorded. For Lowell, the Magnus Apollo of the camp, the author had a warmer feeling. Their friendship was long and intimate,

as we can see from a "A Few of Longfellow's Letters," given in the volume. "I loved the man," says Mr. Stillman, "with a passion no other man had ever awakened in me, one which often recalled to me the love of David for Jonathan."

Of Lowell's second wife he gives an interesting picture. "She was," he writes, "one of the rarest and most sympathetic creatures I have ever known. She was the governess of Lowell's daughter when I first went to stay at Elmwood, and I then felt the charm of her character. She was a sincere Swedenborgian, with the serene faith and spiritual outlook I have generally found to be characteristic of that sect; with a warmth of spiritual sympathy of which I have known few so remarkable instances; a fine and subtle faculty of appreciation, serious and tender, which was to Lowell like an enfolding of the divine spirit. The only particular in which the sympathy failed was in the feeling that she had in regard to his humorous poems. She disliked the vein. It was not that she lacked humour or the appreciation of his, but she thought that kind of literature unworthy of him." In another passage Mr. Stillman writes: "Lowell was indeed very happy in his married life, and amongst the pictures Memory will keep on her tablet for me till Death passes his sponge over it once for all is one of his wife lying in a long chair under the trees at Dr. Howe's, when the sun was getting cool, and laughing with her low, musical laugh at a contest in punning between Lowell and myself, *haud passibus æquis*, but in which he found enough to provoke his wit to activity; her almost Oriental eyes twinkling with fun, half-closed, and flashing from one to the other of us; her low, sweet forehead, wide between the temples; mouth wreathing with humour; and the whole frame, lithe and fragile, laughing with her eyes at his extravagant and rollicking word-play. One would hardly have said that she was a beautiful woman, but fascinating she was in the happiest sense of the word, with all the fascination of pure and perfect womanhood and perfect happiness." Mr. Stillman has been happy in his friends, and those who are less fortunate will thank him for the introduction which he gives in this volume to so delightful a group.



MR. W. J. STILLMAN.

"THE STONING OF ST. STEPHEN."

An extremely valuable addition, although only a temporary one, has just been made to the art treasures of the South Kensington Museum. This is the famous carving, by Grinling Gibbons, representing "The Stoning of St. Stephen," which has been lent, for a period of not less than six months, by Mr. H. J. Gurdon-Rebow, whose historic mansion, Wyvenhoe, Essex, is, despite its old pictures and its real Chippendale, the poorer for the absence of this exquisite and noted example of wood-carving. "The Stoning of St. Stephen" is justly celebrated. It is

one of the earlier works of Gibbons, and is undoubtedly authentic—much of his later work was entrusted to pupils. It is curious that Horace Walpole, in his "Anecdotes of Painting," should have fallen into the error of stating that Gibbons was brought into the notice of John Evelyn by this particular carving—

The piece that had struck so good a judge was a large carving in wood of St. Stephen stoned, long preserved in the sculptor's own house, and afterwards purchased and placed by the Duke of Chandos at Cannons.

This is not quite correct. Let us take Evelyn's own words in regard to his meeting with "Gibbon"—the "s" to his name was an acquisition of after years—for, writing on Jan. 18, 1671, he says—

This day I first acquainted his Majesty with that incomparable man, Gibbon, whom I had lately met with in an obscure place by mere accident as I was walking neere a poore solitary thatched house, in a field in our parish, neere Sayes Court. I found him shut in; but, looking in at the window, I perceiv'd him carving that large cartoon or crucifix of Tintoret, a copy of which I had myself brought from Venice, where the original painting remains. I asked him if I might enter; he open'd the door civilly to me, and I saw him about such a work as for the curiosity of handling, drawing, and studious exactnesse, I never had before seene in all my travells.

I forbear from making further extracts from Evelyn's Diary on this subject, interesting as they are. But there is no doubt that the work upon which Gibbons was engaged when Evelyn discovered him in his "obscure and lonesome place" at Deptford was the Crucifixion of

* "The Old Rome and the New, and Other Studies." By W. J. Stillman. London: Grant & Co.

Tintoret. Two months later this carving, thanks to Evelyn's good offices, was submitted to the King; but the Queen, misled by an ignorant "French peddling woman," did not fancy it, and it passed, for the small sum of eighty pounds, to Sir George Viner. The carving which Charles II. did purchase was this identical one which is now at South Kensington. He presented it to the Duke of Chandos, by whom it was placed at Cannons, Hertfordshire, where it remained until early in the last century. It was then bought by John Gore, Esq., M.P., of

is to be seen by the favoured few in the Board-room of the Mark Masons' Hall, Great Queen Street. This apartment was for forty years the dining-room of Miss Pope, a noted actress in her day, who had the satisfaction of possessing, while a tenant of the old house, a mantelpiece of great beauty, in which the work of Grinling Gibbons is seen to much advantage. Miss Pope was a great age when she removed from this house—the Gibbons, being a "fixture," had to be left behind—and she departed from Great Queen Street with considerable regret.



THE STONING OF ST. STEPHEN.—GRINLING GIBBONS.

LENT BY MR. GURDON-REBOW, WYVENHOB, ESSEX, TO THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

Bush Hill Park, Enfield, from whom it descended in due course to the present proprietor, whose kindness has now placed this remarkable and beautiful work on public view. "The Stoning of St. Stephen" is carved out of three blocks of lime-wood, and it contains seventy figures.

Grinling Gibbons, who was born in 1648 and died in 1720, "gave to wood," as Walpole so truly expressed it, "the loose and airy lightness of flowers, and chained together the various productions of the elements with the free disorder natural to each species." One of his best examples

The pictures had in a measure grown to the walls, and, though the mansion was rather too near to the Freemasons' Tavern, whence on a summer evening, when windows are perforce kept open, the sounds of "Prosperity to the Deaf and Dumb Charity" sent forth a corresponding clatter of glasses which made everybody in Miss Pope's back drawing-room for the moment fit objects for that benevolent institution, still, a residence of forty years and upwards is not to be parted from without regret.

It may be added that "Miss Pope's back drawing-room" is now the Grand Master's office.

A. B.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"The Clerical Life: A Series of Letters to Ministers" (Hodder and Stoughton) is an exceedingly amusing and racy book. It is in the style of Hamerton's "Intellectual Life," and among the titles are such as these, "To a Ministerial Sir Willoughby Patterne," "To a Young Minister Who Refuses to Wear a White Tie," "To a Minister Who Inclines to Condescension," &c. There are many smart and humorous sayings in the book, as might be expected from the fact that such racy divines as "Ian Maclaren" are among the contributors.

Dr. A. B. Grosart contributes a volume on Robert Fergusson to the "Famous Scots" Series, published by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. Dr. Grosart wrote a smaller Life forty-seven years ago. Since then he has been pursuing his researches, and has probably collected every fact that there is to be collected. Dr. Grosart's style is thoroughly vicious, and his affectations and egotism become very trying. Still, this is a biography over which real pains have been taken, and its spirit is eminently and even passionately charitable. The admiration with which Robert Burns regarded Fergusson shows that he was no mean poet. And this judgment has been confirmed by such later Scots as Robert Louis Stevenson and Andrew Lang. A characteristic letter from Stevenson is printed in this biography, and there are others from Carlyle and Wordsworth. Altogether, this is distinctly a valuable book, and a notable addition to the literature of Scotland.

Joseph Arch's Autobiography has been published in a very handsome volume by Messrs. Hutchinson, with a preface by the Countess of Warwick, who has edited the book. The Countess of Warwick does not agree with all Joseph Arch's opinions, but she respects the influences which dictated them. She thinks that whatever the country clergy were in Joseph Arch's time, they have now improved, and that no body of men more anxious to do their duty exists. She also believes that there are many landowners, great and small, despite the agricultural depression, which has hit them hard, who are most desirous, and have always been desirous, to do all that in them lies to help their poorer brethren, and to sympathise with their needs and aspirations, and this in no spirit of patronage, but in the spirit of love. Joseph Arch devotes much space to the farmers and the Agricultural Labourers' Union, and he does not forget his opponents, especially Bishop Ellicott, whom he describes as one of his worst enemies. "He wanted me and those like me ducked in the horse-pond." In spite of his religious views, Mr. Arch speaks kindly of Charles Bradlaugh, whom he regards as "a fine statesman." Mr. Arch says that to him Bradlaugh never aired his sceptical opinions, but kept them well in the background. Mrs. Besant, too, spoke often and most eloquently on behalf of the cause, and Cardinal Manning's influence was of the greatest value. Another chapter is devoted to the Game Laws, and there are some valuable remarks on agricultural depression. Mr. Arch thinks that the land system is rotten and the farmers are foolish. The Union is practically non-existent, having accomplished its work. Mr. Arch thinks that present-day Socialism will die a natural death sooner or later. He is an advocate of self-help and liberty, order and progress. Of the Prince of Wales's kindness he speaks very warmly. "I am his Member, you see, in a manner of speaking; and I will say this: should I be spared to see him King of England, he will not have a more loyal subject in all his vast dominions, in all his great Empire, than Joseph Arch of Barford."

The Americans are excellent popularisers, and European youth is accustomed to turn its eyes across the Atlantic for high-toned instructive reading which will not overtax its capacities. "The Story of Marie Antoinette," by Miss A. L. Bicknell, issued in this country by Mr. Unwin, is of the handsome illustrated gift-book order. It is quite unceritcal, wisely shirks the difficulties of the subject, and presents the notorious, the convenient, and the picturesque facts of the time in a very capable and attractive form, for the instruction and delectation of the youthful of all ages. In our country this kind of thing has rarely been well done since Miss Yonge ceased writing her "Cameos."

Mr. Lionel Johnson has brought out a new volume of verse, "Ireland, with Other Poems" (E. Mathews)—a very notable volume, however one may rank it as poetry. It is not for a hasty hour, neither is it for a

buoyant mood. Yet you cannot say it is rendered unpopular by a weight of difficult thought. His matter is for simple enough souls, but the simple souls should be scholars if they would taste his flavour rightly. And here—in a page for loungers, and with only some lines at my disposal—is not the place to judge this austerest of our young poets. But one word beyond the mere announcement and welcome of his book may be spared to say that, as in his earlier volume, when he escapes from his austerity and self-repression, he is capable of giving much pleasure to the mere lover of poetry. In his rarely unchecked moments of freedom, he finds rhythms that sing in one's ear. They flee from those moods he has so schooled himself into that they must be called characteristic. It is thus in the hymn to Ireland—

Sad is the cry of the wind on the wastes of the sea;
Sadder the sigh of our hearts, Eire, for thee.
Swift and fierce the lance of the lightning flies;
More swift, more fierce, our wrath, till thine anguish dies.

The Celtic influence works to-day for bad and good in literature, but, to a writer like Mr. Johnson, it is unmixed good. It comes to his Muse like a thawing spring.

We owe to Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen an edition of "Old Creole Days," which is, surely, the most beautiful book of its kind. Mr. George

Cable's well-known stories of life in the Southern States, with their intensity of passion, their magic and poetry, are doubly attractive when associated with a series of magnificent photogravure illustrations by Albert Herter. Here is one of these illustrations, that treating of "Belles Demoiselles Plantation," not the least magical of the seven stories in the volume.



From "Old Creole Days." By George Cable. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

The Scandinavian genius has long been approved in story-telling for children, and every good addition to that important department of literature deserves well of the reader. Gratitude is therefore owing to the Rev. John Beveridge for his sympathetic translation from the Norse of "Sma' Folk and Bairn Days," by Ingeborg von der Lippe Konow (Paisley: Gardner), a little collection of stories which are wonderfully true to child-life. Delicate insight into the little joys and sorrows which make up the bairn's day is the chief characteristic of a book altogether charming, as regards literary matter at least, for it must be confessed that some of the illustrations are hopelessly crude and amateurish. These, however, can hardly detract from the merit of Ingeborg Konow's delightful word-painting, although it deserved a better auxiliary. "Some Other Day," a deft analysis of the pleasurable agony with which a child anticipates a holiday and longs for fine weather on the day, fitly begins a book which is true from cover to cover. "The Sunday Penny" is the perfection of the healthy moral tale. Needless to say, its motive, unlike that of the idiotic "Sammy Sly" of our early days, is not Sabbatarian. And, of course, there is no laboriously pointed

moral. Ingeborg von der Lippe Konow, like Gil de Berauld, "knows her art too well for that." The title affords an interesting example of the similarity between Norse and Doric Scots, "Smaa Folk og Barnedage" being almost letter for letter "Sma' Folk and Bairn Days," as the translator has happily turned it. o. o.

ON A YOUTHFUL PORTRAIT OF R. L. STEVENSON.

A face of youth mature: a mouth of tender,
Sad human sympathy, yet something stoic
In clasp of lip; wide eyes of calmest splendour,
And brow serenely ample and heroic;
The features—all—lit with a soul ideal.
O visionary boy! what were you seeing,
What hearing, as you stood thus midst the real
Ere yet one master work of yours had being?

Is it a foolish fancy that we humour—
Investing daringly with life and spirit
This youthful portrait of you ere one rumour
Of your great future spoke that men might hear it?
Is it a fancy, or your first of glories,
That you were listening, and the camera drew you
Hearing the voices of your untold stories
And all your lovely poems calling to you?

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY in *Scribner's*.

THE "GEE-GEES" AT OLYMPIA.

Readers will be surprised to learn that the "Biggest Show on Earth" utilises the services of about 227 van-horses, 116 Hippodrome racers and trick horses, and 28 ponies. The van-horses are particularly fine.

The grey ones, which are used also in the processions, are of the Flemish breed, and may remind you that during the war in Flanders Colonel Scott mounted his dragoons on animals purchased in Flanders, and hence the name of the regiment, the Scots Greys. The great black horses are Percherons, and hail originally from Normandy, while the bays are of the Clydesdale breed. Some of these animals are over 17 hands and weigh from 1600 to 1900 lb. The horses, blacks and chestnuts, which are used in the races, come from Kentucky, and are very full of spirit. Some of them on returning from taking part in Mr. O'Brien's hippo-pyramid display, are full of fun and harmless play among themselves. The majority of these lighter horses are thoroughbreds. They are of all ages, as Mr. Bailey never drafts out a horse unless it breaks down. One of these racers, Gibson, I think, was his name, was quite twenty years old. Another, Prince by name, was a very fine-looking horse, with a splendid shoulder, and is a very good fencer. He was regularly hunted in Canada till purchased by Mr. Barnum. When at Olympia I asked for some statistics as to the number of shoes used during the year, but these could not be given, as the iron is purchased by the ton, while the work of shoeing is done by three smiths belonging to the show. On an average, I ascertained that from twenty-five to forty additional horses are purchased every year to replace disabled or too aged horses, but the mortality is very slight among the animals through the great care taken of them. They are fed three times a day, on oats and a little bran mixed therewith, and on hay, and a mash is given on Sunday mornings. I was particularly charmed



MIDLE, APPELONIA AND OXFORD.

with the ponies, which are chiefly Shetlands, with some few Exmoors and two clever cobs, which you will remember in the jumping contests—namely, Jupiter, who holds the record for "lepping" in Canada, and Joie, only eleven and a-half hands, who, nevertheless, clears a wall and rail 6 ft. 2 in. and carries a boy weighing eighty-seven pounds. Among the Arabs I noticed, of course, the beautiful Assati and Mufti, the two horses which Miss Nellie Reid exhibits in a clever manège act. Mufti is, besides, ridden by Mr. O'Brien on the apex of the pyramid of horseflesh already alluded to. I was sorry to see, however, that Assati possesses the unfortunate nervous habit of "weaving"—that is, moving the head backwards and forwards along the manger without ceasing. I was much amused by being told by a groom that the habit was acquired from the motion of the vessel when crossing the Atlantic. I observed a black horse similarly afflicted. Then I visited the stalls containing Madame Marantette's hunter, Senator, a lovely chestnut, and Evergreen, her champion trained harness-horse and park hack. Coming back, I met the grey hunter and weight-carrier, Oxford, whose clever negotiating of the stone wall in the arena, and his curious twist of the loins and tucking up of the legs as he clears it without touching, proclaims him of Irish descent, though he was foaled in Toronto. When he was four years old, he was well known with the hounds around Montreal, and when exhibited in the New York Horse Show was purchased by the ex-Mayor, Hugh Grant, who sold him to Mr. Bailey. He is about the grandest horse in the show, with a temper like a lamb, but the courage of a lion. While I was examining him the team of zebras passed, not too pacifically. "You should see them kick and bite."

It is no matter how you train them, they still remain as wild as Polar bears, and they are as obstinate as mules. When they are alive they're full of mischief, and I don't believe they will be quiet till they're dead," observed one who was "in the know."

T. H. L.



MISS ROSE MEERS.



MISS ROSE WENTWORTH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE LAST CHAPTER BUT ONE.

BY DOLLIE RADFORD.

Dorothy Bacton rose from her writing-table and walked to the window. The gloom of the November day had begun early. In the square, bare trees were dimly discernible through a yellow mist, and from the houses around lamps and gaslights shone murkily.

An hour ago she had taken up her pen to write the most difficult chapter of her story. An hour ago she had an idea for the chapter's development; its initial sentences sounded in her ears, splendid solid paragraphs shaped themselves to the number of words necessary for its completion. That was before the Friday organ unwound itself on her side of the square; before operas, balls, and after-dinner drawing-rooms floated before her through the mist in remorseless succession. The blank chapter lay in numbered pages upon her table. Its heading had been treated decoratively; "Chapter XXIX." stood out boldly in original and picturesque lettering. But this simple device for stimulating the fancy had failed, as completely as had the story-teller's journeys up and down the tall house, and her prolonged observations of the fog from its different windows.

She had no ideas for this last chapter but one. The preceding chapters she bore vividly in mind; she could have repeated many of them word by word, so carefully had she worked at their making; but her brain refused now to travel along the same lines. The whole point of the story eluded her. To what climax had those completed twenty-eight chapters been leading? She could not clearly remember, and the little she could recall seemed lamentably weak and unsatisfactory.

The fog was thickening, the lights round the square were growing redder and smaller, and those blank, pre-numbered pages lay dismally upon the table. She stirred the fire vigorously, and stared at the liberated flames as they danced joyfully in the grate.

"Perhaps Hugh is right," she said suddenly; "perhaps mine is but a poor little parlour trick, after all; perhaps my belief that I can write is a delusion, a mania; and—perhaps the other things he said were true too."

She flung herself desperately upon the sofa as she recalled the statements her husband had made in a communicative hour the evening before.

"I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it any longer!" she cried passionately. "What have I done that I should be so cruelly punished?" She turned her face upwards in the gloom. "What have I done?" she repeated. "I have only believed and hoped all things from the beginning."

She hid her face in her hands. Then, in a few minutes, she sat up quietly. She had wept so much in the last few years, she could no longer afford a lavish expenditure of strength.

Dorothy Bacton had been married six years. Why she married Hugh Bacton no one knew. He wasn't clever, he wasn't beautiful, he wasn't good, he wasn't even rich; while she herself had generously supplied all these requisites for a happy home. And, excepting a slight falling off, perhaps, in the matter of goodness, she had for six years faithfully maintained her contribution to the union. Hugh was something in the City. Of the precise nature of his professional duties in that mysterious place she was unaware. The only fact which was kept clearly before her was that her husband was a very important person, and was urgently engaged every evening of the week upon extraordinary business committees.

"I shall find a trombone some morning in the umbrella-stand," his wife said one evening as he left her at the accustomed twenty minutes after dinner. He had, however, no taste for the drama, and lived unaware of Mr. Toole in his immortal piece, so the little joke was wasted.

Why had she married him?

She asked herself this question twelve months after their marriage as she travelled down to visit a friend in the country. An "express" is an excellent place (if it may be so called) in which to work out a difficult problem. A moderate-sized passenger can hide away in the corner of a carriage, and, behind a rug and magazine, meditate undisturbed through a whole journey. Dorothy Bacton had done so, and had answered all her questions finally before she reached her station.

She had married Hugh because she had loved him; it was a simple explanation, so simple that it took but a few minutes of retrospection to recall it. She had loved him with all her heart, and now she did not love him any more. This second fact was as clear to her as the first, and the memories which occupied her were those which covered the months between the two epochs. She had gone through them again from the beginning; through the first few weeks of radiant happiness, when she had walked about the world with a halo round her head; through the terrible months of undefined doubt and misery; through the acute realisation that it had all been a mistake, that Hugh had never loved her, even in the beginning. And, after this survey of the past, she made a resolve for the future. Personal joys and sorrows should, for her, be at an end. She had a pretty pen; that should save her; with it she would keep her hold on life. But a pretty pen is not of great avail in a case like Dorothy's; perhaps a great one hardly suffices to cure a ruined life. However that may be, Dorothy Bacton, in spite of a strenuous effort to the contrary, pined for affection and sympathy.

Her loneliness was beginning to wear her out, to paralyse her brain, enervate her will. She had not many friends; unhappiness is not

attractive, on the whole; and she realised early in her struggle to be good and patient that the world prefers to make its observation of domestic infelicity at a distance. So long as her husband did not beat her, or turn her out of doors, or leave her, it would sit outside in the outer ring and watch the performance politely to the end. Perhaps she was embittered unreasonably, perhaps she did not remember the sacrificial aspect of the married state. Be this as it may, the fact remains that, on this dreary November afternoon, she sat in her lonely room and said there was no one for whom she could send, no one in all the world who would come to her unquestioningly and understand the desolation she could not express. "No one—no one in all the world," she said; and then she poked her fire once more and looked out at the thickening fog, for, deep down in her heart, she knew there was one who would come if she sent him but the faintest whisper of appeal. She looked far away through the fog—far away to a sunny land, to roses and blue seas, to vague, unspeakable happinesses; and out in the square the organ still reeled off its endless supply of opera.

Downstairs, on the house-door, the knocker sounded vigorously

"He wants money; no wonder!"

She took out her purse to find a coin adequate to the interruption the musician had occasioned.

"I think he should be killed," she said as her door opened.

"Indeed! Who is it? Tell me, and I'll do it at once."

Dorothy turned quickly and laughed, while a tall figure groped its way through a sea of furniture to her side.

"I thought you were the organ-man, and I was telling the maid to have him killed. He has played all the afternoon and ruined my story."

"I've come for the story."

"It isn't finished."

"How much have you done?"

"I've come to the last chapter but one."

"The most difficult?"

"Yes, the most difficult of all. There it is on the table."

She pointed to the unwritten chapter. Lawrence Harvey was editor of the *New Magazine*; he believed in Dorothy Bacton's pen. He looked disappointed as he saw the blank pages. Then he smiled as he sat down beside her.

"I wanted it to-day; but you can finish it by the end of the week?"

She shook her head.

"I don't know how to finish it."

He turned to her in surprise.

"But—but—oh, this is the fog! You will go on easily again when the air clears. I must have the last chapters, you know, in this number."

"But I'm afraid you can't."

The editor of the *New Magazine* looked uneasy.

"What is the difficulty?"

"I don't in the least know what my heroine is going to do."

"Didn't you think the story out as a whole?"

"Yes, but she won't do the things I planned she should do; she has suddenly developed into a new creature, over whom I have no control."

"What has happened to make her so unmanageable?"

"She has realised that—that—"

Dorothy did not finish her sentence.

"What has she realised?"

The editor leaned forward and looked earnestly at his contributor, but she did not answer his question.

"What has she realised?" he asked again. "We are old friends."

Dorothy picked up a bundle of neatly typed manuscript, which lay on the table beside the rebellious chapter.

"Through all these pages," she said slowly, as she ran her finger across the edges of the paper, "my heroine has suffered patiently; but she has decided now that she will not suffer any more, and, if she does not suffer, she will have to act—as I did not wish her to act—in my original plan."

"Well?"

"I do not know what form to let her rebellion take. There are, of course, several sorts of tragedy open to her. She might easily die—oh, very, very easily—that would be a nice, safe ending for her." Dorothy smiled softly as she spoke. "But, somehow," she added quickly, "I can't help wanting to make her happy."

"Of course you can't."

Lawrence Harvey leaned back in his chair. "It will be a better story if you make her happy," he said quietly.

Dorothy put the manuscript upon the table again. "Yes, yes; but it is too difficult, too hard a thing to do."

"Would it be very hard? Can you think of no happy ending? Let it have a happy ending," he pleaded.

"How can happiness follow on such chapters as these?"

She folded her hands miserably.

"There might be a friend," he began, "a man—"

But she interrupted him—"No, no; there is no friend—"

Lawrence Harvey stood in front of her.

"No friend, at least, who can come into the story now."

"Why?"

"Why—why," she said passionately, "because he would have to be



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS THE GIPSY IN "ONE SUMMER'S DAY," AT THE COMEDY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

so wise and so strong! He would have to know everything without being told: her loneliness and her longing, her weakness and her strength, her failures and her strivings—he would have to realise them all. And he would have to be so tender and so patient, to find and care for her very self in the gloom her unhappiness has cast upon her. And he would have to give so much, oh! so much, so generously, so extravagantly, so recklessly, to make up for the starved time before, and—and——

"And?"

"I cannot bring such a friend into the end of my story; he should have a triumphant one of his own—happy from the beginning."

He dropped on his knees beside her. "Dorothy, Dorothy, I am not as good as that fellow, but you know how I love you. Let me try to make you happy."

She bent down and lightly kissed his hair. He looked up at her touch. His face was eager and young and strong—a face to be trusted for ever and ever.

He held both her hands.

"You are tired, so tired! Rest in my arms, let me take care of you; let me be happy, too."

She rose quickly. He was so faithful—this friend who must not come into her story—and she longed so greatly for the love and rest he held out to her. For many minutes she did not speak, then she turned to him gently—

"It would not be fair. I care so much for—that friend—I dare not. I could not make a happy ending for him with so much misery behind. He might some time regret—regret." She broke off with a ghostly little laugh. "Besides," she went on with trembling lips, "your readers must be considered. I am sure they would not approve."

The editor of the *New Magazine* had forgotten his readers.

"I shall wait," he said simply, "until you believe that you only can bring me happiness, that you only make the world for me, that nothing else matters. So near, or so far, as you wish, I will stay, but I shall be ready and waiting always. Dorothy, some day you will have enough faith in me?"

"Please go—now," was all she said, and he kissed her hand and left her.

Outside, the organ still ground out its ceaseless round. The fog thickened and deepened, and on the blank pages of her manuscript Dorothy Baeton laid her head hopelessly.

"What shall I do—what shall I do?" she sobbed.

It was not a helpful plan; it gave her no ideas. For that last chapter but one she had nothing but tears.

But that kind of chapter is common to so many stories.

LITTLE PHILANTHROPISTS.

Undoubtedly the Roll of Ministering Children, of which we have lately heard and read so much in connection with the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund, is bound to prove a very great success, especially as

the Queen herself has graciously expressed her approval of the scheme. Messrs. Speaight have already photographed no less than one hundred and twenty little ones, among whom are included all the royal children, and, no doubt, many more portraits will soon be added to the interesting collection, which is ultimately to be published in an album and a copy of it presented to the royal family. The object of the subscription-book and stamp-album, as most of us already know, is to enable subscribers of small sums, ranging from one shilling to ten shillings a year, to possess evidence of the fact that they are regular subscribers through the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund of the Metropolitan Hospitals. Indeed, very many persons who frequent the hospitals would gladly give regularly once a year to these hospitals if they had an adequate opportunity of so doing. Such an opportunity is now offered by the issue of the hospital-stamps referred to, and those who avail themselves of it by procuring this stamp-album will demonstrate to the hospital authorities that they are contributing annually towards the support of these excellent institutions. Furthermore, it is felt that parents may be willing to encourage their children who wish to possess themselves of this book, and that both the parents and the juvenile subscribers will be glad to purchase each year at least one stamp. This stamp should be affixed in the space left vacant for it in the album, and it will then itself serve as evidence that the owner helps annually to support the medical charity. It is hardly necessary to go into details as to the enormous benefit conferred on the nation by

the hospitals. Indeed, one might write columns on the subject and still leave something to be said; and it may be surmised that one would be but recapitulating what is already well known to everybody.

It is scarcely necessary to add that all Messrs. Speaight's portraits of children are beautifully produced and charmingly artistic, for they have long made children's photographs their speciality. Many of the portraits in the collection referred to above were taken by electric light, which has now been brought to such a state of excellence that frequently sittings by electric light give results that are infinitely better than those obtained by the light of day.



CHEROOT AND HIS MASTER.
Photo by Poole, Putney.



MISS H. BARKER ("WHEN THE HEART IS YOUNG").



MISS G. MARTIN (1837).



MISS A. BARKER (A LADY OF LAST CENTURY).



MASTER A. H. GREEN.



MASTER PRITCHARD.



MASTER S. WOODMAN.



MASTER R. WALLINGTON.



MASTER H. HARRISON.



MASTER H. J. CARTER (ALLY SLOPER).



LO TSONG HIEN.



MASTER L. R. CARTER.



MASTER A. BARKER.

THE TILLER OF THE SOIL IN EGYPT.

Photographs by Mr. G. E. H. Barrett-Hamilton.

If any class in Egypt have warmer welcome than another for the British troops now on their way to reinforce the Sirdar, it should be the fellahin. The peasantry of Egypt, above all, have profited by the British occupation of the country. Their lot has improved. Though he has acquired some new ideas, the fellah's methods of cultivating his rice or maize remain exactly where they were two thousand years ago, or more. He still scratches the light soil with an iron-tipped share braced to a beam drawn by a yoke of oxen. He sows by hand, and threshes out the corn by spreading it on a swept patch of ground, and driving a rude sleigh with self and family on board round and round behind oxen. The fellah's work is laborious. If he suffer less than other farmers from weeds, he has often a far more insidious and powerful enemy to combat in the desert itself. The fine sand borne by the wind covers his field, and would in no great length of time bury it did he not regularly scrape the surface clean; the amount of work he expends doing this with an implement like a great

spends hours daily hauling down the long end of the lever to lower the bucket and letting the clay-and-dung counterpoise bring it up. And for how many centuries has the villager twisted rope in the street with the rude wooden wheel he still turns, even in Cairo?

The Nile is, of course, the highway for much traffic, but a vast deal of produce is still marketed by camel caravan. Somebody says she never

saw a camel which had not an indubitably second-hand look about it. This is curiously true; I have never yet seen even a baby camel which did not look frowsy and worm-eaten, and there is no shabbier camel in the Orient than the slave of the Bedouin; useful he is — indispensable, indeed — but his warmest admirer will not claim that he is ornamental. The Egyptian cultivators use the donkey and a small breed of horse as well as the camel for riding and draught purposes; they who farm small areas near towns bring their produce in carts whose pattern has undergone no improvement since Joseph's brothers came from afar in



BRINGING GRAIN TO CAIRO.

a waggon to see him. There is no country in the world which is so dependent for its prosperity on a single factor as Egypt upon the periodical rising of the Nile, and irrigation works have been among the most important results of our occupation. How closely the fortunes



A SLUICE ON THE NILE.

mud-scaper, drawn by cattle, is shown by the sand-dune bordering the area of cultivation, which dune is the result of the scraping process. How old, one wonders, is the bucket-raising apparatus which stands out against the sky on these dreary flats to mark the well? Here the fellah



AN EVENING BATH.

of the country are interwoven with the great river is shown by the existence of a remnant of the hated law concerning forced labour. In 1890 the *corvée* was abolished, save for this, that when necessary the fellahin can be called out to watch the rising of the river.



THRESHING.



ROPE-SPINNERS IN THE BAZAAR.



CLEARING AWAY SAND.



PLOUGHING.



AT THE WELL.



BUFFALO COW AND CALF.



SUGAR-CANE BROUGHT TO MARKET.



IN THE SHEEP-MARKET.



A FAMILY MOVE.



BEDOUIN VISITORS TO CAIRO.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S POEMS.*

"I hope," wrote Keats in his preface to "Endymion," "that I have not in too late a day touched the beautiful mythology of Greece and dulled its brightness." The words sound strange, almost quaint, to-day. Strange, too, on the lips of the pre-eminent poet of beauty that other declaration to Leigh Hunt, "Beauty and loveliness have passed away." That was in 1818, at Teignmouth, in the fairest of English counties, and now, eighty years afterwards, that despairing news of beauty's passing is seen to be so little true that poets find nothing so beautiful as this most modern of cities. Walt Whitman has gone so far as to declare that the Muses have deserted Greece and Ionia; but that was only the extreme statement of a poet charged with the message of the continuous revelation of beauty. Mr. Stephen Phillips's striking volume of poems comes as a significant reconciliation of the two extremes. Side by side we find there a poem of modern London, if one might so speak, so acutely "modern" as "The Woman with the Dead Soul," and a poem, "Marpessa," in which Mr. Phillips in this much later day has also touched the beautiful mythology of Greece—indeed, without dimming its



MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

brightness. This is a hopeful sign for Mr. Phillips's future, for it argues a vitalising catholicity of the poetic sense by no means common at the moment, when—

One sings a flower, and one a face, and one
Screens from the world a corner choice and small;
Each toy its little laureate hath, but none
Sings of the whole . . .

In some poets the poetic sense is only awakened by certain interests, objects, or periods; but the greater the poet the more inclusive and constant his poetic sense, and the more original in the transformation of unsideralised poetic material. Life is the one essential poetic element in all things, and in this ever closer and closer grapple with realities the modern poet may, perhaps, claim a thoroughness of poetic intention, a penetrating sincerity of poetic vision, denied to all but the greatest poets of the past. Unless one realises that modern London is as "poetical" as Florence or Rome—indeed, perhaps more poetical by the complexity and force of its contrasts—our sense of poetry is secondhand. That Mr. Phillips has had Dante's attitude to Florence in his mind as he has walked through London is evidenced now and again even by the phrasing in "The Woman with the Dead Soul," such turns of manner as—

When I had heard her tell without one tear
What now I have translated, in great fear
Toward her I leaned, and "O my sister!" cried,
"My sister!"

* "Poems, by Stephen Phillips." London: John Lane.

In the mood of no such solemn master, it is to be feared, has London been sung of late, whether in the picturesque prose of Mr. Henley's "London Voluntaries" or in the passionless erotics of poets to whom London has meant merely Piccadilly. To sing London, and particularly that tragic axle of its great wheel, a poet will need enormous passion and enormous pity, just the very two qualities in which, sadly significant for their futures, our young poets are, for the most part, almost unnaturally lacking. Sensualism and cynicism will hardly do instead. Till "The Woman with the Dead Soul" and "The Wife" there was only one London poem, Rossetti's "Jenny"; now there are three. A quotation from the first-named poem will give some idea of the imaginative power with which Mr. Phillips is able to convey his own terror at the comely apparition of the death-in-life which he saw one day sitting sewing in a London tavern—

Speckless, arrayed; and with no braid awry,
All smoothed and combed, she sewed incessantly.
She turned her eyes on me; they had no ray,
But stared like windows in the peer of day.
So cold her gaze that I bowed down my head
Trembling; it seemed to me that she was dead;
And that those hands mechanically went,
As though the original force was not yet spent.
You that have waited above the quiet clay,
That on the pillow without stirring lay:
Yet think how I stood mourning by the side
Of her who sat, but seemed as she had died;
Cold, yet so busy; though so nimble, dead;
Whose fingers ever at the sewing sped.
I spoke with her, and in slow terror guessed
How she, so ready for perpetual rest,
So smoothly combed and for the ground prepared,
Whose eyes, already fixed, beyond me stared,
Could sidle unobserved and safely glide
Amid the crowd that wist not she had died.

"The Wife," the story of a woman who sells her body to buy food for her dying husband, is technically less satisfactory than "The Woman with the Dead Soul," Mr. Phillips having less successfully overcome the stiff-jointedness which is one of the dangers of the couplet; but it is full of wonderful London pictures, line after line. Take this remarkable impression of the street as the woman unlatches the door and passes out to her martyrdom—

When lo! the long uproar of feet,
The huge dim fury of the street!
While she into the wild night goes,
That in her eyes a light shower blows.
Faces like moths against her fly,
Lured by some brilliance to die:
The clerk with spirit lately dead,
The decent clothes above him spread;
The joyous, cruel face of boys;
These dreadful shadows proffering toys;
The constable, with gesture bland,
Conducting the orchestral Strand:
A woman secretly distressed,
And staidly weeping, dimly drest;
A girl, as in some torment, stands,
Offering flowers that burn her hands;
A blind man passes, that doth sound
With shaking head the hollow ground.
In showering air, the mystic damp,
The dim balm blown from lamp to lamp,
A strange look from a shredded shawl,
A casual voice with thrilling fall!
The officer from passing eye
Hustles the injured forms that lie,
Creatures we marred, compelled upright
To drift beside us in the light.

This is Mr. Phillips in London. Hear him now in Greece, Apollo speaking, wooing the maid Marpessa, who must choose between him and her mortal lover, Idas—

O brief and breathing creature, wilt thou cease
Once having been? Thy doom doth make thee rich,
And the low grave doth make thee exquisite.
But if thou'lt live with me, then will I kiss
Warm immortality into thy lips;
And I will carry thee above the world,
To share my ecstasy of flinging beams,
And scattering without intermission joy.
And thou shalt know that first leap of the sea
Towards me; the grateful upward look of earth,
Emerging roseate from her bath of dew,—
We two in heaven dancing,—Babylon
Shall flash and murmur, and cry from under us,
And Nineveh catch fire, and at our feet
Be hurled with her inhabitants, and all
Adoring Asia kindle and hugely bloom;—
We two in heaven running—continents
Shall lighten, ocean unto ocean flash,
And rapidly laugh till all this world is warm.

Space denies me quotation of the lovely passage beginning—

I love thee, then,
Not only for thy body packed with sweet
Of all this world, . . .

one of the loveliest and most impassioned love-speeches in English poetry, but I have quoted enough to show to those capable of apprehension that Mr. Phillips is a poet already of noble performance and exciting promise. Poetry so full of the beauty of reality, so unweakened by rhetoric, the song of a real nightingale in love with a real rose, poetry so distinguished by the impassioned accuracy of high imagination, I know not where else to find among the poets of Mr. Phillips's generation.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

SOME ART PUBLICATIONS.

To select four among the representative art publications of the moment, covering the work of six months, is to arrive at a very fair notion of the artistic activities of the country during the immediate past. Let us take, then, for an example, the *Magazine of Art*, the *Art Journal*, the *Quarto*, and the *Studio*. Each has its very separate characteristics that distinguish it clearly from its fellows, and each in its own way has done a large quantity of good and excellent work.

The volume of the *Magazine of Art* is pervaded with good things, although they seem perhaps too little connected by a definite scheme. Reproductions of Old Masters, of contemporary art in the galleries, of posters, of house interiors, of sketches by the President of the Academy, of tapestries, of embroideries, chase one another across the pages in bewildering variety. There are articles on the Royal Collections of Art, on the Wallace Collection, on the Fitzroy Pictures, on French Furniture, on James Gillray, on Mr. Dudley Hardy, on Mr. Reynolds-Stephens, on Henri Regnault, and on a host of other subjects. There are plates from work by Mrs. Alma-Tadema, Fred Walker, Sir Edward Poynter, Israels, Lord Leighton, and Romney; and, though the letterpress is by no means uniformly excellent, there is in it a large quantity of valuable information in the articles here gathered together. Perhaps there is no completer test of the excellence of magazine work—or the reverse—than republication of this kind. By the nature of the case, every paper that has passed from the editor's approval to the covers of a magazine of this kind has to endure the trial of republication, and it is really astonishing to find how few of such articles come out of that trial successfully. Somebody said the other day that there was nothing so dreary in the world as turning over the pages of an old review; and he spoke truly. The reason is not far to seek. Most of the articles written for a current week or month, or even quarter, are justified only by the momentary interest of the occasion which has called them forth. When they lose this little touch of modernity, they lose, as it were, the very essence of their vitality, and seem to the student of a later time as flat as ditch-water. It is the triumphant proof, for instance, of the genuine value of such a book as Macaulay's "Essays" that their republication brought them a greater and keener appreciation than they had actually received when they first appeared within the blue-and-yellow covers of the *Edinburgh Review*. It is impossible not to feel this difference between the interests of to-day and of yesterday in turning over the pages of letterpress in such a republication as the *Magazine of Art*. Mr. Spielmann's work is always readable, and a paper from his pen upon Mr. Dudley Hardy is excellent in its fulness and its keenness of judgment. It is, however, chiefly as a collection of excellently clear and definite reproductions that this volume claims interest and, let it be added, approval.

The *Art Journal* has, perhaps, a greater variety even than the *Magazine of Art*. The new volume contains, among full-page illustrations, seven etchings, ten tinted plates, and seven other pages from various works of fame or notoriety. Perhaps the most remarkable of the etchings is the portrait of Mr. Whistler, etched by William Hole, R.S.A. In it Mr. Hole has caught the original quality of the paint with wonderful precision and effect. We all of us, of course, have for long known Mr. Hole's amazing reproductions of the brush-work of great painters, of Millet, for example, and of Velasquez. Yet each new experiment and triumph comes with a separate excitement. Colour apart, you see in this "Portrait" a really wonderful realisation of Mr. Whistler's own art, of his method of laying on the paint, of the actual scheme of composition, and of the exact genius of the pose. For this particular kind of work Mr. Hole is probably not surpassed by any living artist. A series of papers, exceedingly well illustrated, on "Art in the Home," by Mr. W. Scott Morton, runs through the volume, and contains much information that is useful, although it is not quite easy, perhaps, to see what "The Bed of Marie-Antoinette, Fontainebleau," has

got to do with art in the home. There was only one home to which it could ever have figured as an example or a precedent; and it is not pleasant to remember the fate which climbed in by those windows. A little index on one page gives an interesting account of sales within the last eleven years. For some reason or other the year 1892 was the most prosperous for the dealers, when no less than fifty-five pictures were sold for 1400 guineas and over; 1895 is a bad second with forty-five pictures in the same category, and 1889 stands last on the list with seventeen. The average during that period is a fraction over thirty-one, and the year 1897 may, therefore, be considered to have behaved itself decently with a sale of exactly that number of pictures for 1400 guineas or more. The sales of last year were, however, interesting from many points of view. The highest price paid for a picture at the London sales of the year was £9100 for Romney's "Two Children." It is interesting to note how steadily Romney's popularity is on the increase. Landseer still sells well, one of his pictures, "Lost Sheep," fetching the sum of £3150.

A Gainsborough, "Mr. Puget," realised £5040, and a Holbein went for £3150—more proofs, if proof were needed, of the wisdom in collecting pictures of "classical pedigree." The volume of the *Art Journal*, then, may be described as useful and generally attractive. Illustrations are sometimes allowed to creep in which an austere taste cannot regard with approbation, but it is, on the whole, an eminently readable and popular record of art-work. The same publishers (J. S. Virtue and Co.) issue the *Quarto*, a volume, as its title-page describes it, of "artistic, literary, and musical" ambitions. The thing is, on the whole, well done, and its intentions are excellent; but there is a dubious air of heaviness and dulness brooding about both illustrations and letterpress, although the one or two musical contributions have undoubted merit.

The eleventh volume of the *Studio* strikes me as an extremely satisfactory publication. To go back upon a point made above, it is impossible, in a general collection of every kind of article contributed to a paper, to avoid a certain looseness, a certain want of present interest and of the modern spirit of this actual moment. This is most apparent here in the series of desultory conversations included under the general heading "The Lay Figure." These are excellent reading for the hour in which they appeared, but they stale in the repetition. And this is the only hypercritical word possible. It would be very difficult—indeed, it would be impossible—to name another artistic publication

in this country which so uniformly achieves so high, so exquisite a standard. The articles have been selected with immense care, and there are few of them which have not a certain element of solidity which makes them interesting outside the fleeting hour in which they were published.

Then, again, the reproductions are not only selected in every case with extreme care and with sound judgment, but the manner of printing is carried out with beautiful distinction and appropriateness. It is rare indeed that you are able to detect that peculiar note of hardness, and even heartlessness, which is obvious in most contemporary publications of pictorial art. The auto-lithograph, for example, by Alexandre Lunois is a beautiful colour-effect, reproduced in the most admirably soft and effective manner. Indeed, all the coloured plates can only be described as beautiful, Mr. Norman Garstin's "Tangier" possessing a real quality of light stealing among its stately greens and blues, though one could have wished that the signature of the artist had not been set forth in so startling a prominence; when a large patch of field is used for the purpose of allowing the letters of an artist's name to browse upon it like so many cattle, you feel the value of the modest monogram so extensively used by—shall one say?—a Millais. In every point, however, the editor of this magazine shows himself peculiarly modern and progressive. It is an undoubted truth that we live in a period when elegance momentarily haunts us like a passion; of that aspiration and of its fulfilment in many walks of art the publication of the *Studio* is constantly making us delightfully aware.



A TAILOR'S SHOP.

A Water-Colour by F. E. James, reproduced from the "Studio."

A SLICE OF BRITISH LUCK.

Students of Anglo-American relations have long marked the steady growth of ill-will across the Atlantic. American children absorb the virus of Anglophobia from their school-books. Irreconcilable Irishmen infect grown-up American citizens with contagious antipathy towards England. In 1898 more than half the citizens of the American Republic already abhor the name of Britannia, and would gladly humiliate, injure, or destroy the Mother Country from whose loins many of them have sprung. This state of feeling between the two branches of our race is the more regrettable because the present generation of English have done nothing to deserve the enmity of the American Republic. Still, facts must be accepted as they are, and Britain must wait patiently for the scales to fall from the eyes of Uncle Sam without attempting to force upon him a friendship he has not sought and does not desire, and would contemptuously refuse if thrust upon him.

If an Anglo-American war would be extremely popular with a large section of the more ignorant American citizens, the educated classes, taken as a whole, are friendly to England, especially those dwelling in the Atlantic States, who are endowed with taste, culture, and wealth. These classes shrink from a rupture with England no less than well-to-do Londoners recoil from the prospect of a struggle to the death with the Republican branch of the English-speaking people. By a stroke of good luck, England's friend, the almighty and ever-present Kaiser, with a bolt from the blue, has enabled Great Britain to give an object-lesson to all the world which will come right home to the American bosom, especially to England-hating bosoms that live and move on the Pacific slope of the Rocky Mountains.

By a curious coincidence, the phrase "blood is thicker than water" was hatched out by an American admiral on the Peiho River, in China. After forty years, English and American interests in the Far East, at a critical moment, are once more found to be identical, and the service which was rendered to Britain by the United States in 1857 is requited by her Majesty's Government in the firm stand they have taken in the China Seas against the exclusive privileges and regulations sought after by the Slav and the Teuton. If China, like Africa, is to be divided up between Protectionist nations with a recently acquired taste for colonial empire—trade and territory now open to the world will be shut to mankind. In short, the Russian and German plan for opening China is, in reality, a plan for closing it. France does not understand very clearly what is going on, except that she grasps the fact that Russia and England are at loggerheads on the question as to whether the Chinese doors shall be thrown open or shut with a clang. France for some time past has allowed her antipathies rather than her interests to govern her foreign policy. In surrendering her person to her Russian admirer, the French Republic has not even secured a monopoly of Muscovite caresses. Certainly Russian flirtations with Germany would rouse wild jealousy in France if Panama, Dreyfus, Esterhazy, and Herz scandals did not otherwise occupy her time and attention.

As for Germany—that projected statue to the Kaiser in Charing Cross is now within measurable distance of realisation. His most sacred Majesty enabled Britain to reinforce her fleet by his Kruger telegram. It is his action in China that will carry through the House of Commons the forthcoming Army Bill. Territory without trade is a burden—and a costly burden. A German coal station ten thousand miles distant from the nearest lump of German coal is a standing temptation to an adventurous Asiatic Power to exhibit the true inwardness of the Kaiser's Chinese policy. A rumour is afloat in well-informed quarters that Prince Henry and his mailed fist are to be seized by the Japanese and held as hostages. There is nothing impossible in this plan. Naught could save him if the Japs chose to capture the Kaiser's only brother. What is incomprehensible, however, is that Britain should supply coal to the *Deutschland* and the *Gefion*. What a lesson in the alphabet of empire could have been given by England if the two German men-of-war had been allowed to get as far as Singapore and no further, on the ground that German men-of-war are not in China for any purpose favourable to British interests. During the next few months Germany will be consolidating her position at Kiau-Chau, a step that is alone possible with the tacit assent of England and Japan. During the next few months, accordingly, Great Britain must also consolidate her own position in China, which is, fortunately, identical in interest with that of the United States.

Whether the edifice of British trade in the Far East is underpinned by means of a loan, the occupation of the Chusan Archipelago, naval reinforcements, or a Japanese alliance, or by all four methods, the fact remains that the British policy is as distinctly the American policy as if Senator Sherman were to replace Lord Salisbury as spokesman in the Far East. England has played the chief part in the erection of the commercial fabric in China, and the American share of that fabric is of supreme importance to Yankee manufacturers. However willing the United States may be to maintain freedom of trade with China, the Government of Washington is unable to do more than protest against its abolition by Russia or Germany, for the simple reason that no adequate naval or military force is available to sustain American diplomacy. For freedom of trade in China, however, England will go all lengths, and, in thus exerting her power, she places the United States under indissoluble bonds of gratitude. England, it is true, does not act thus in China from philanthropy or from love of the American Irish, but in pursuit of the one principle essential to the existence of her world-wide Empire. For the first time since the breakdown of Napoleon's attempt to establish

his Continental system against English trade, the Chinese imbroglio caused by the Kaiser's hurry has enabled Britain to appear in fierce light as the capable trustee for all nations as against the selfish and protectionist interests of the military monarchies.

Between Great Britain and America this act of the Ministry—which, by the way, was dictated by circumstances, and is not due to political genius of the party in office—has already produced beneficent results. Indeed, the sympathy between the two countries, which I believe to be deeper than both parties have been ready to admit, has been increased, because British action in China not only favours American interests, but is founded upon common fundamental ideas of law and justice. Material advantages thus secured to the United States will thus compel every American who thinks on foreign affairs to ponder over the reasonableness of an animosity against England which prevails throughout the Western States. Having regard to the near approach of Chinese commercial development, this attitude of mind on the part of American citizens is an unmixed good. Events already loom on the horizon which will test the statesmanship of the two countries to a far greater extent than the Venezuelan or sealing controversies.

The United States, as a nation, does not yet realise or admit that it has any strong interest in the sea. Captain Mahan declares that "the great majority of our people rest firmly in a belief, deeply rooted in the political history of our past, that our ambitions should be limited by the three seas that wash our eastern, western, and southern coasts." The more far-seeing of the Americans, however, and among them Captain Mahan himself, now clearly recognise that the opening up of Central and Eastern Asia, which recent events have made inevitable, will energeise the United States into naval activities rivalling those of Great Britain. When the Far East has developed the trade that Russia, if not Germany, wishes to monopolise, the United States will discover that the Pacific coast-line is more favourably situated for commerce with Tokio, Shanghai, and Canton than either England or Germany. The Atlantic coast of America, however, will enjoy no advantage over Liverpool or Hamburg. New York and the Mersey are at present about equidistant by water from all points west of the Americas. This condition would be removed if the Nicaraguan Canal existed, for the Atlantic coast cities would then be nearer to China and Japan by one-third of the distance than London and Liverpool.

It is calculated that one-eighth of the existing trade of the United Kingdom would be affected unfavourably by the competition thus introduced. On the other hand, the Pacific coast of the United States would be brought nearer to the British Navy. It is thus clear that unless the Washington Government obtains military control of the Nicaraguan Canal the political result would be to weaken the strategic position of the Republic. It is difficult to exaggerate the dissatisfaction with which this eventuality is regarded by American statesmen. Under the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, signed April 19, 1850, Great Britain and the United States bound themselves without term to acquire no territory in Central America, and to guarantee the neutrality not only of the contemplated canal, but of any other that might be constructed. The eighth article of the Treaty locks the door against escape from the doctrine of "Hands Off" by stating expressly that the wish of the two Governments was "not only to accomplish a particular object, but to establish a general principle."

National policy in America, as in England, means public conviction. Public conviction in the States demands the denunciation of the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty, while British interests lie in its maintenance. The acquisition of Hawaii without military control of the Isthmian Canal would be fruitless, and, therefore, the denunciation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is likely to enter the arena of practical American politics the instant that national security, and even national existence, are felt to be inseparable from control of the interoceanic strait. That time is now approaching.

For hundreds of years the importance of the Panama Isthmus has remained dormant. British championship of equal opportunities in China has invested it with a consequence of supreme importance to the American people. Access to the markets of Eastern Asia which shall enable New York to compete with Liverpool on equal terms, and halve the distance between the Hudson and Valparaiso, is no less an American than a British interest. England is unlikely to acquiesce in the abrogation of her rights in Central America as easily as she retreated before American insistence in the Venezuelan affair. Still, the American demand to control her own destinies is not one that Englishmen can ignore or deride. It would be to the interest of Britain and the States and greatly for the benefit of mankind that the two nations should act together in the policing of the seas. No forcing process would assist. But an international agreement which would make the States master in their own house by revising the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, while safeguarding British interests, would fan the embers of American sympathy with Britain, and pave the way to that Anglo-American Union which is the practicable day-dream of the best men in both countries. By an indirect process the Kaiser's Kiel speeches have paved the way to such an Anglo-American understanding, and this may fairly be looked on as a slice of luck for Great Britain.

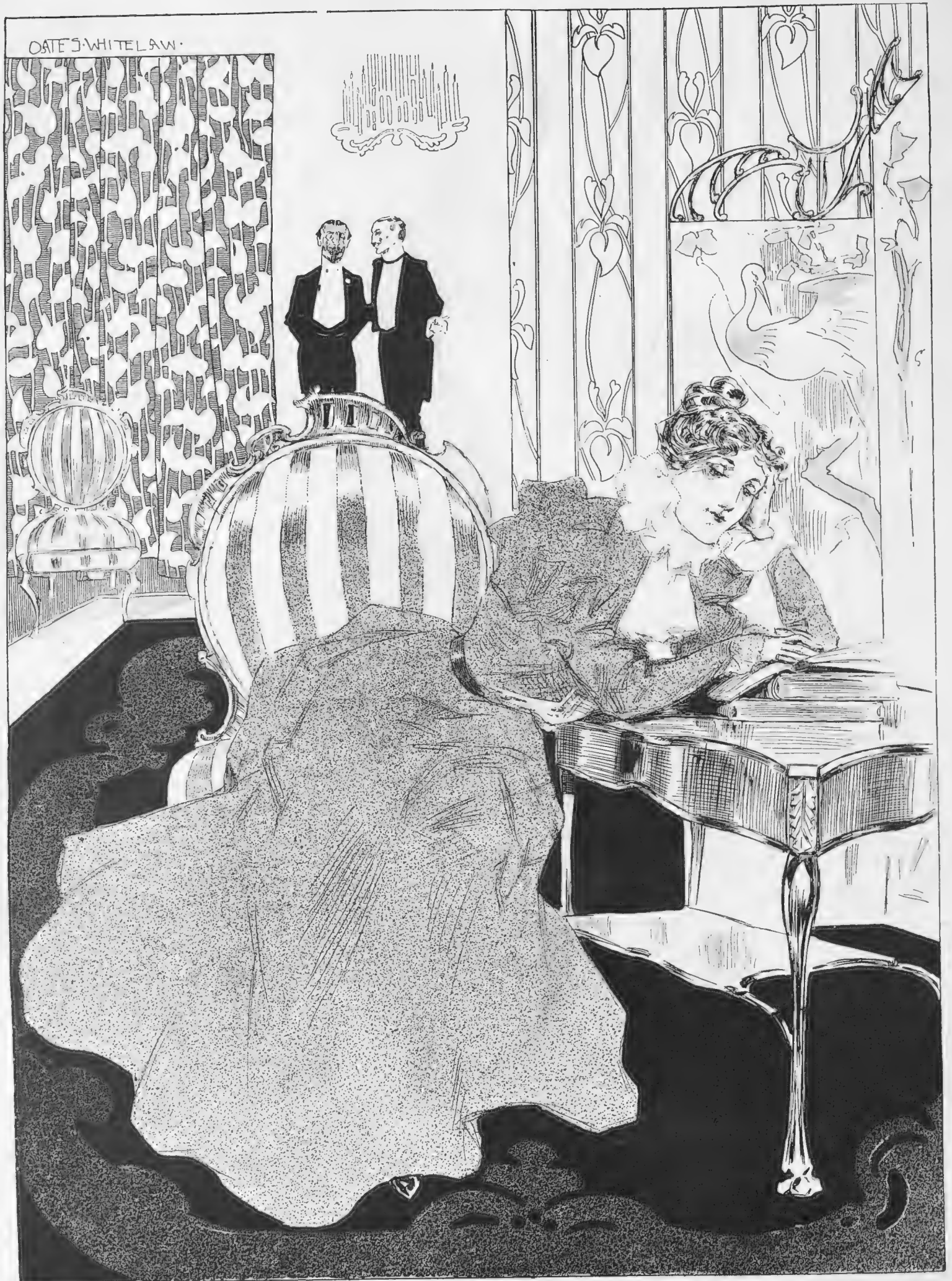
ARNOLD WHITE.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.





"She married you to spite Mr. Johnson."

"I thought it was to spite me."



FIRST YOKEL : They seem to buy everything, nowadays, on the instalment plan.

SECOND YOKEL : 'Ceptin' beer.



MISS BIRDIE SUTHERLAND.

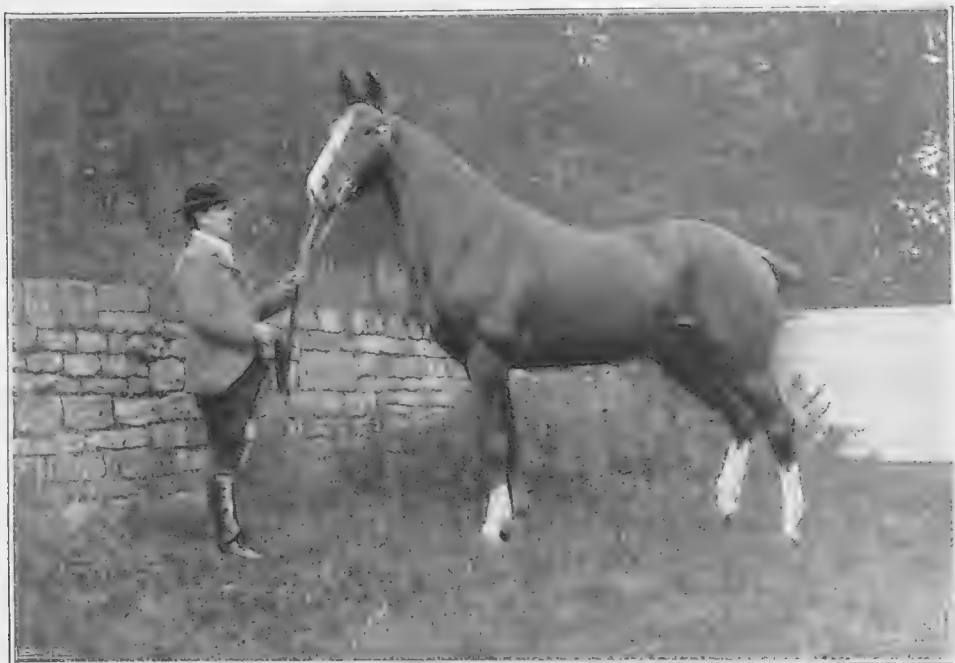
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

HUNTERS.

The breeders of hunters deserve the thanks of all who follow hounds, and at this season of the year their numbers are legion. As in flat-racing so in hunting, breed tells, and, other things being equal, the well-bred hunter will always outpace his more plebeian brother. In the olden days of point-to-point steeple-chasing, the competitors were drawn from the ranks of *bond-fide* hunters, horses who carried their owners week after week in the hunting-field. But now, save at hunt meetings, the hunter pure and simple is conspicuous by his absence. Yet the popularity of the hunt fixtures continues and grows apace with those who have the best interests of the hunter at heart, for the artificial fences of the steeplechase course do not appeal to men accustomed to ride across a natural country, where the qualities of a bold and determined rider show forth and enable him to hold his place with hounds. A thorough sportsman, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, has done much towards the improvement in the breeding of hunters, and his Albany, which took first prize at the Bath Horse Show, is an excellent specimen of the thoroughbred hunter. Another good horse is Pope, first prize Cardiff and first at Bath in the heavy-weight class; and a young horse bred and owned by Mr. W. M. O. Wilson serves as another illustration of a modern hunter, and many good judges look to him to gain higher honours as he ripens with age. Although shown last year as a two-year-old, yet he won each time out, firsts at Tunbridge, Chelmsford, and Waltham Cross. He is a



MR. W. MURRAY O. WILSON'S HUNTER.



SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD'S HUNTER, ALBANY.

handsome animal, chestnut with three white legs and a white blaze, and, if all goes well, should take rank with the best of his day.

MR. AUBREY DE VERE.

"The Recollections of Aubrey de Vere" (Edward Arnold) cover a long period, for Mr. de Vere is now eighty-three years of age, and he began early to take an interest in literature, politics, and religion. His meetings with O'Connell are told with great spirit; so are his tales of peasant life. But it is by his mental affinities that he makes himself known to us best of all. His father, Sir Aubrey de Vere, was himself a man of some literary distinction. He had written a play, "Mary Tudor," which, his son tells us with exceeding gravity, Mr. Hutton and Cardinal Manning preferred to Tennyson's. Neither of these men was exactly a dramatic critic—one had never set foot inside a theatre. The filial feeling is an overmastering one with the writer of these "Recollections," and under no less an influence would he make or quote a comparison in disfavour of Tennyson, his friend and idol of fifty years.

But Mr. de Vere's standing as a poet is sufficiently high to lend an interest to his pages for his own sake. It is not, perhaps, in such volumes as the "May Carols," of which Messrs. Macmillan have

just issued a new edition, that he will be most readily recognised by a large audience; but in the volume entitled "The Search After Proserpine" we have poems which rise, at times, to heights of meditative and classical beauty. Mr. de Vere, ascetic Roman Catholic as he is, has had the rare fortune to be hailed by both Landor and Mr. Swinburne. Cardinal Newman was his friend and admirer. William Watson has written verses to him, just as Landor did, over so long a period and such variation of temperament does his influence extend. Carlyle liked him well enough to be worried by his becoming a Catholic.

In politics Mr. de Vere belongs to that party which can be described only as the Irish Landlord Party. Even the Liberals among them, such as Aubrey de Vere once was, have turned their backs on Mr. Gladstone. "Tenant right" is a name they do not pronounce without a shudder, and Sir Vere de Vere, the elder brother of the author of these "Recollections," riddled the Derby-Disraeli Ministry, whose Reform Bill gave the peasant a vote. "How did Lord Derby feel after he had taken his leap in the dark?" asked the baronet: and "He felt himself a little Dizzy," was the orthodox reply. The most advanced Nationalists, however, will always remember with gratitude the practical sympathy given by the de Veres to the peasantry at the time of the famine, Mr. Aubrey de Vere himself giving personal service to the plague-stricken all through that "year of sorrow," which he made the subject of a poem.



MR. T. D. JOHNS' HUNTER, POPE.

THREE FOX-HUNTERS OF THE FELLS.

Fox-hunting is not the sport summer visitors to the Lake Country associate with that world of mountain, crag, and gully; yet not even Leicestershire can show keener followers of hounds than the dalesmen of Cumberland and Westmoreland. Their love of hunting may be partly



MR. J. CROZIER.

Photo by Mayson, Keswick.

due to their hatred of the fox, for the dalesman is a sheep-farmer, and the fox is his deadliest foe: they say that in old times the ravages of foxes brought more than one farmer to the Bankruptcy Court, as many as fifty lambs falling victims in a single night. There are no rabbits on these high grounds, and the fell fox is a lamb-stealer by necessity, taste, and education. A Cumbrian sportsman of a past generation described him as being "fierce as a tiger, long as a hay-band, and having features like the Chancellor of the Exchequer," a witticism whose point is blunted by time; but the fact remains that the hill fox is the stoutest, biggest, and boldest of his race; a "traveller" in the largest sense of the word, for he covers vast distances in search of food, and when

hounds are on his track he takes delight in showing how much mountain country he has learned like a book. He is easy enough to find, but very hard to kill. He has much in his favour; his haunts abound in "borrens," masses of broken rock and stone, tunnelled with crannies, into which he can creep and find safety; and, inasmuch as Master, huntsman, and "field" follow on foot, the hounds are of necessity left much to themselves, and human aid is seldom promptly at hand when vulpine cunning puts them at a loss. The hound suited for fell hunting is small but stoutly built and active. On the crags of Hellyvellyn or Skiddaw goat-like activity is more important than speed. His coat must be light in colour, that he may be easily seen against the dark heather, and he must "throw his tongue" freely when he scents a fox, that the huntsman may know what he is doing. As for the man who would see sport on these hillsides, before all things it is needful that he boast the best of legs and the longest of wind. The rough country forbids the use of even a pony; hunts of five or six hours' duration are common, and seven-league boots would hardly keep you with hounds when they are fairly running their fox; in fact, the dalesmen do not attempt to "follow hounds" like their mounted brethren of the shires: the nature of the country, to say nothing of the speed of fox and hounds, forbids it. They manage to see the fun by posting on commanding points a few signalmen; these, when hounds get away with their quarry, make known by signs the direction to the field below, and then some experienced old sportsman, making a shrewd guess at the line the fox will take, leads the way up hill and down, contriving, by precipitous short-cuts, to catch a distant view of the hunt. Tramping the moors in August is child's-play to hunting with a fell pack. Fog is the worst enemy of the hill fox-hunter. When mist swathes the mountain-tops, hounds remain in kennel; and if mist, as is its wont, rolls up suddenly upon the hunters high up on a steep and dangerous hillside, they must either wait where they are till it clears, or at best abandon the chase and feel their cautious way by crag

and rocky ravine to safety on lower ground. The Nestor of North Country sportsmen, and holder of the "record" in Mastership among living men, is Mr. John Crozier, of the Blencathra Hounds. In 1839, when about eighteen years of age, he succeeded his father in the Mastership, and now, in his fifty-eighth season and seventy-sixth year, is still at the head of affairs. "John Peel with his coat so grey"



TOMMY DOBSON.

Photo by Baldry, Grasmere.

was a contemporary and friend of Mr. Crozier in his earlier days. The Master of the Blencathra is a landed proprietor who has always lived the life of a country gentleman; he has always been a great fisherman, and is a member of the Derwent Fishery Board. A Cumbrian bard has sung his praises as "The Prince of Mountain Sportsmen." In his younger days he was a perfect huntsman of a fell pack, an extraordinarily active cragsman, and possessor of that great gift—a splendid voice to cheer hounds on a cold scent.

Another famous sportsman of the fells is Mr. John Benson, who has been Master of the Mellbrake Hounds for thirty-four years. A solicitor by profession, he is a hunter by heredity, his grandfather having been master of the Cockermouth Harriers in the early years of the century. Mr. Benson has "played the game all round"; for eighteen years he was Master of the West Cumberland Otter Hounds, and, notwithstanding the demands of his profession, the chase of the otter in summer, and the fox in winter, found time to shoot, fish, and also to officiate as secretary of the Derwent Fishery Board. An active member of the Board, he is the terror of fish-poachers. It is as a hunter of hill foxes, however, that he is best known; a wonderful traveller on the fells, he could go any distance, and run all day if need be; his voice is as good as ever, and his hounds still know it well.



MR. J. BENSON.

"La'al (Little) Tommy Dobson" is, in some respects, the most remarkable of a remarkable trio. Now in his seventy-fifth year, he is still huntsman of the Eskdale Hounds, whose country includes Seawfell and some of the wildest mountain-land in the district. He has hunted the pack for nearly forty years, and this season has more work to do than ever, the Ennerdale country having been amalgamated with the Eskdale. Tommy Dobson, a bobbin-turner by trade, is probably the oldest huntsman now in harness, and, as he goes afoot, is certainly the hardest worked. One of his hunting feats will live in history as it deserves; he found a fox at six in the morning, and hounds never left it till they killed an hour before midnight—a seventeen hours' hunt. At one time he used to hunt the "sweet mart," or marten, and founmart, or polecat, with his hounds; but these vermin are now scarce on the hills, and Tommy Dobson in his green old age is a fox-hunter, and a fox-hunter only.

OMARIAN ECHOES.

The Wheelman.

An open sky, a road not over-rough,
A seasoned pipe, and some good smoking stuff,
A trusty wheel with perfect tyres and cranks,
With these, methinks, 'twere Paradise enough.

The Yachtsman.

A summer day upon a broad lagoon,
A well-trimmed yacht and eke well-filled saloon,
Some three or four congenial chums on board,
If Heaven grant this—I ask no further boon.

The Sportsman.

A wooden cot beside a mountain rill,
With just sufficient sport my time to fill,
And one of whom I think to share my lot,
If I had these—then Fate might work its will.

The Huntsman.

A breezy moor, a day on which the hounds
Can pick the scent up within easy rounds,
A jolly company at night to meet
And pass the cup—with these my joy abounds.

The Barrister.

I envy not the merchant in his store,
Nor yet the soldier fresh from fields of gore;
Mine be the luck to gain a hopeless case,
Nought else at Fortune's hands I would implore.

The Schoolboy.

A truce to Latin, Greek, and all the rest,
The last exam. well passed, myself a guest
At some congenial board where "shop" is barred
And masters are not—this, and I am blest! H. A. L.

"TRELAWNY OF THE 'WELLS,'" AT THE COURT.

Prêtty Rose Trelawny flounced out of the room in a passion, tamely followed by her humble friends, leaving Vice-Chancellor Sir William Gower and his sister "Trefalgy" glad and indignant, and his grandson, Arthur Gower, almost heart-broken. For a dangerous experiment in transplanting had been attempted, unsuccessfully. Rose, the pride of Bagnidge Wells Theatre—please pronounce it as "Bagnidge"—and reigning favourite of the district, had condescended to bestow her heart and erinoline upon the grandson of a mere Vice-Chancellor, one of those now extinct dodos of the Chancery Courts, who used to sit and administer fantastic rules of law under the name of Equity in stuffy hole-and-corner Courts near Chancery Lane. Sir William, though a fossil of the "much obleged" period, and a vigorous old Philistine of the early 'sixties—a period when some of the noblest specimens could be found—had consented, strange to say, to an engagement, but imposed the condition, very reasonably, that before becoming a Gower the Trelawny of the "Wells" should spend some months acquiring English polish in the gloomy Cavendish Square mansion of the family. The process of acquiring polish is always painful; it necessarily involves friction, and Rose chafed under the friction. Cavendish Square reeked with "don'ts" and "must nots"—almost everything was tabooed as unladylike. She was even denied the society of her sweetheart, save when some dragon was present to preserve the proprieties; and, of course, all her old friends—those melancholy old tragedians the Telfers, the buffooning Colpoys, the merry, vulgar Avonia, the pert, genteel Imogen, the bilious, romantic Gadd, vainest of "juvenile leads," and the good-hearted general utility and unacted dramatist, Tom Wrench—could not even be mentioned. Minutes seemed months, days years, to the pretty Bohemian in such an atmosphere.

Pent-up passion and intense ennui even paralysed Rose's love for her Arthur. Then came the inevitable rebellion. One night, very late on a very stormy night, some of her friends from the theatre came to call, and, as the testy Vice-Chancellor had gone to bed, Rose had them brought up to the drawing-room, where, alas! they behaved very badly, and made such a noise that old Sir William came down and frightened all save Rose into silence. She, however, gave a piece of her mind to everybody, and declared that the engagement was at an end, and that she was going back to her beloved "Wells" and her old life at the theatre.

Poor Rose! the month at Cavendish Square had given her a distaste for theatrical life, if not a taste for real. When she got back to the "Wells," she noticed, for the first time, "the smell of gas and oranges; and the hurry and noise and the dirt and the slang and the clownish joking at the 'Wells.'" She lost heart in her work, unconsciously modified her style of acting, lost her popularity, and "got the sack" after a little while. Starvation or artificial-flower making threatened her, and she was without news of Arthur. He had gone on the stage in order to become a "Gipsy," like her, and win her heart again. One true friend she had, Tom Wrench, the ineffective actor and unacted dramatist, who tried to help her, and kept touch with Arthur, though, poor fellow, he really loved Rose himself. Fortune after a while ceased to frown. Tom had a chance of getting one of his plays, with a good part in it for Rose, produced, if he could find a "backer," and, after a little while, he found the "backer" in the last man in the world—the Vice-Chancellor. For Sir William paid a call on Rose, hoping to learn from her something about his grandson; and the humility and distress of the once haughty girl touched even his withered old heart, while the name of Kean, mentioned by her accidentally, awakened old memories of days when he was stage-struck. So old Sir William offered to find the money for production of Tom Wrench's piece. Tom was quite a schemer; he loved Rose; he was prepared to sacrifice himself for her happiness, and he believed that her happiness lay in marriage with Arthur Gower, a belief not, perhaps, well-founded; so, without warning Rose, Arthur, or Sir William, he engaged the young man for lead in the new piece. What a surprise for all three, when, at the call, Arthur presented himself upon the stage and found Rose there and also Sir William in a box! What could come of such a meeting but a wedding and—and what happened afterwards goodness knows!

A curious picture of life in the early 'sixties is presented by the ingenious play, which, if rather remarkably slight in subject, is wonderfully rich in quaint, comic detail; and the picture of life is the more fantastic because of the crinolines, Swiss belts, white stockings, beaded nets for hair, elastic-side boots, and other component parts of the ladies' costumes which only a lady or a Mr. Mantalini could describe. The piece may not present the author at his best, but everyone will be interested by his wonderful types of actors and touched by the tender human notes, used, alas! rather too sparingly in the play. One would need a column for criticism of the clever, numerous company, so I must pass by many who deserve praise. Mr. Paul Arthur's admirable work as Tom Wrench must be mentioned, and so, too, the brilliant if uneven Rose of Miss Irene Vanbrugh, as well as Mr. Dion Boucicault's clever Sir William, and the work of Miss Pattie Browne (who made her first appearance in England at this theatre five years ago in "The Amazons"), Miss Hilda Spong, and Mr. Du Maurier and Mr. Athol Forde, who has already taken hold of the Pinero method by having acted Dick Phenyl in the provinces. Mr. James Erskine, who is in everyday life the Earl of Rosslyn, plays the small part of Arthur Gower very cleverly indeed. It is rather curious, by the way, that his sister should also be a Gower—Leveson-Gower, Duchess of Sutherland.

A GREAT MAN'S GRAVE.

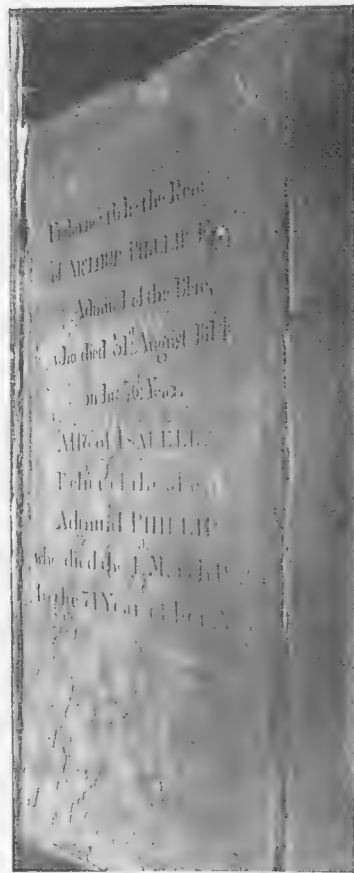
It took Englishmen, and even Australians, some time to discover, or, at any rate, to realise, how great a man Admiral Phillip was; it has taken still longer to discover his resting-place. Stated in bare brevity, there does not seem to be anything in his doings to establish an irresistible claim to "greatness." Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates," or any other plain record, simply relates that, in the year 1787, he was sent out by the Government of Pitt to Botany Bay, in charge of a fleet carrying one thousand and fifteen convicts.

Herein hardly seems to lie even the germ of romance or empire-building, and so, apparently, thought his widow, or whoever is responsible for the inscription on his tomb, for, as the photograph of the grave plainly reveals, there is no allusion to the fact that he was not only the first Englishman to enter the incomparable harbour of Port Jackson, but founded Sydney, and was therefore, potentially, the "Father of Australia."

Yet the story of that voyage and the subsequent colonisation of the land which is now covered by the splendid city of Sydney is one of enchaining interest. Doubtless it will receive adequate justice in the Life of Phillip, shortly to be published in Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin's series, "The Makers of Greater Britain," for the authors, Messrs. Louis Beeke and Walter Jeffery, have already given us a glimpse of Phillip's difficulties and how he overcame them in their story, "A First Fleet Family," which originally appeared in the columns of the *Illustrated London News*.

It was only after a long search, at the instance of Mr. Bonwick, the Archivist of the New South Wales Government, that, a few weeks ago, the grave of Sydney's first Governor was discovered to be lying in the floor of the pretty church of Bathampton, beautifully situated two miles from the city of Bath.

Formerly, before the porch was moved outwards at the enlargement of the church, it lay under the porch, and in the "Esq." one can distinctly see the bed of lead in which the inside door of the old porch pivotted. The exterior east wall of the chancel is noticeable for its curious recessed figure, about which the members of the British Association once nearly came to blows. Various views were taken as to what it represents. Some thought a knight in mail armour, some that it was a Bishop of the twelfth century (this was Planché's idea, upheld, we



PHILLIP'S GRAVE IN BATHAMPTON CHURCH.

Photo by Ward, Bathampton.



BATHAMPTON CHURCH.

Photo by Travers, Hove.

believe, by Professor Freeman); while others, under the lead of the late Bishop Clifford, of Clifton, no mean authority, considered it to be the figure of an Abbess, adducing as their reasons the veiling, the girdle, and the narrowness of the neck. It is, we fear, a problem which time (and weather) will tend rather to obscure than to solve.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The supposed betrayer of the French Army—about the millionth such, if French patriots are to be believed—may never gain his release from the island on which he is working out his vindictive sentence; but, beyond all doubt, he has had his revenge already in full measure on those who passed sentence on him. French public opinion, as reflected in the newspapers and the mobs of Paris, is like nothing but certain phases of the French Revolution, or the time of the Popish Plot in England. Most of all, perhaps, is it like the crowning dance of the Witches' Sabbath on the Brocken, when the witches and wizards of all lands took hands and danced in a ring round the altar of the Black Goat, but with faces outward, lest, in spite of their disguises of dress—or the lack of it—they should be recognised and betrayed by some weak or treacherous member. The French nation, or the surface part of it, is hysterical. The army authorities, brave men enough, no doubt, before a foreign enemy, if need were, are cowards before the demonstrations of a few hundred students, who ought to be learning their lessons, and a few thousand of the tribe of Alphonse. Above all, the members of the French Government seem to think they can put an end to the agitation by refusing all information—a piece of sagacity which deserves to rank with the method of concealment employed by the traditional ostrich.

But it will not do. The matter will have to be thrashed out in broad daylight. Zola's daring challenge ought to secure this on his trial; for even a Government of imbeciles will hardly venture to try a man of world-wide reputation with closed doors, and sentence him on evidence that does not appear. It was a bad mistake to try Dreyfus in secret; it was a worse mistake to affect secrecy in the Esterhazy case; but to put Emile Zola in prison by a hole-and-corner verdict on unknown evidence would be absolutely fatal. The question is not whether Dreyfus was guilty or not; what concerns every Frenchman is to know whether or not Dreyfus was condemned on evidence of the most doubtful and inadequate kind; whether or not he was sentenced to a living death on the strength of proofs that neither he nor his counsel was allowed to see and rebut.

It matters comparatively little if a specific individual has been wrongly convicted in open court. The case of Mr. Sprigg, lately pronounced innocent of the crime for which he had been sentenced, is fresh in our memories. Now, if a trained judge may make such mistakes in a non-political matter, in a country in which judicial independence and legal publicity are traditions of long date, what are the probabilities of error on the part of a court of military officers, laymen in law and the rules of evidence, judging in secret, without responsibility to the world, a prisoner against whom violent prejudice existed, and who was assailed by what seemed a genuine popular outcry? These were the conditions at the Dreyfus trial. One may say that it would have been a miracle if the man had had a fair trial, or anything like it.

The pretext that the safety of France demands the concealment of the evidence is the merest humbug. Germany is generally supposed to be the Power to which Dreyfus was convicted of selling secrets, and the German papers, which are not given to writing against the desire of their Government, have all along said in a rather rude way—"Publish and be—!" People are asking if the malicious rumour that the information was sold to Russia can have any truth in it. Did the Czar's advisers wish to learn the real strength of the French Army before they concluded their alliance? In that case Dreyfus was a patriot of the purest in act, if not in aim, for the information, if given, resulted in the alliance.

And the worst of all the concealment is that what is said and generally believed in France is a great deal worse—and does far more harm—than the truth could possibly be. People are getting into the state of mind in which they see ghosts by daylight. Surely there can be nothing more natural than that a rich man, even if a Jew, should want to free his brother from prison and his name from infamy. As Shylock pointed out long ago, a Jew has the usual human characteristics, and is willing to spend even his money, which he loves, for his family, which he loves more. But the rabid French patriots are unable to account for the action of the Dreyfus brothers without a huge Semitic Anti-French conspiracy against the honour of the French Army.

Of course, we are in it, too. The fact that some eminent French Protestants have protested against the Anti-Semitic agitation is enough to make M. de Mahy—a leading lunatic of the Colonial Party—see the hand of Perfidious Albion in their action. French Protestants have retained some of the friendliness to English and German Protestantism which they acquired when Louis XIV. dragooned them into England and Germany. That is to say, they require some proof of British or German treachery and hostility before they believe in these qualities. Therefore, M. de Mahy declares that the Methodists are intriguing from London and lavishing Anglo-Saxon gold to enlist French Protestants in the cause of the Jews! Ha, ha! What does Mister Sir Reverend Price Huge Prices say to that?

And the Methodist intrigue, mark you, is worked from Berlin as well—it is a politico-religious movement directed by England and Germany, if you please, in concert! Oh, Mahy aïe! as Trilby might remark.

MARMITON.

THE EDITOR AND HIS LETTER-BOX.

On two previous occasions I have ventured to reproduce some of the more extraordinary letters that I get. Among the most curious I have ever received are the following, which came from a girl I have never seen in my life. I had already accepted some of her work, with this result—

Behold me, once more, in a most adoring and supplicating attitude, at your feet. . . . I am enclosing you two stories, which I beg of you to read and like. How long will it take me, do you think, to write as well as Thomas Hardy? I wrote to "T. P." this week—not to send him a story, but just to talk to him. I told him he was lovely. So he is. So are you.

A little later she wrote—

October is past and the shivering blast
No longer her ribbons bewhirl,
So weeping November might make you remember
The sorrows of this little girl.

These affecting lines, my dear Editor, represent drops of anguished dew burst from the pain-wrung forehead of a tortured soul. Ha-eu! I can a tale unfold. Some six or seven—it's more, it's eight weeks ago (maybe nine), I confided to a hitherto trustworthy pillar-box an envelope addressed to you. It held, besides a tender letter meant for your dear eye alone, two stories intended for publication. Alas! I have cast my bread upon the waters, and it's gone astray. Do you know what I am reading at present, what I am blunting my brains at? "The Foundations of Belief." You can fancy me, a girl of the quick-witted type, haughty of brain, but yet most ignorant—of more things than philosophy indeed, but of it most ignorant: and here I am stuck, bogged, clogged to my knees in this book. Subject for the Silly Season—"Is Balfour the Devil?" Have you ever seen —, the poet, with arched eyebrows, wild eyes, and wandering hair, writhing himself down the mere, mundane quays. Faith! Parnassus must be a great sight with the whole of them on it. I'm getting impertinent now. It's always the way with a woman.

A poet sent me some verses (which I rejected), and by mistake another bard's rhymes were returned to him. In returning these he wrote—

There are more poets than I. But I am glad to have had an opportunity of reading it, as it has been a revelation to me. But if you would allow me to make some criticisms, I should like to say that, though the author takes the licence allowed to executive artists—e.g., Joachim—of being out of tune, yet a little correction of the metre here and there, as in the grape and its gladdening wine, would improve it a good deal. If you care to give the author this advice, which comes from one who knows his trade, to give continuity and expression to emotional thought, I should say make it stand the test of reading aloud without "wobbling," and without departure from metrical form, except emotion requires it.

A curate writes as follows—

I should be greatly obliged if any one of your subscribers would forward his or her copies to me when finished with. I am very fond of the paper, but I cannot afford to subscribe to it. I am a curate of a mission station, with an income of under £100 per annum.

This amusing letter (from Messrs. Jeyes) explains itself—

We return herewith box containing photographic negatives, which appear to have been sent to you under the name or *nom de plume* of "Lysidine." We cannot understand why they are sent to us, as we have no one of the name of Lysidine here; but we sell a medicinal preparation, for the cure of gouty disorders, called "Lysidine," as per enclosed pamphlet, although we do not see what connection this has with the photos in question.

Here, again, is a letter typical of a common class received, I fancy, by all editors. The writer objected to the word "bi-weekly"—

My reasons for so doing are (1) that I am a constant reader of *Sketch*, and regret to see it blemished (as I think); and (2) that, as a schoolmaster, I am grieved to find what I consider an abomination, which it is the duty of schoolmasters to warn their pupils against, apparently sanctioned by the usage of a high-class literary and artistic paper like *Sketch*. The objections to "bi-weekly" are at least three in number, *Humano capiti cervicem equinam jungere*, &c. 1. It is a mongrel, with Latin head and English body and tail. 2. It is not recognised by any standard dictionary. 3. If the word did lawfully exist, it ought to mean "fortnightly" (following the analogy of "biennial," &c.), not "twice a week."

Here, however, is a very rare letter. I asked a very clever illustrator to send me some particulars of her career. She replied thus—

I much appreciate the honour you do me by your request, at the same time feel that an illustrator is better known by work than private history. Therefore, must beg to decline, as I have done heretofore.

Some extraordinary specimens of the Queen's English assail me. Thus a photographer in Norway wrote—

January 28 is the beardsday of Dr. Henrik Ibsen, and he then will be 70 years old. I don't know if you are thinking to remain that event with a biographie of the celebrate norwegian poet; but should you like to do so, I will not omit to inform you with the newness that there has been taken a very good plate of the house in the country, near Skien in Norway, where he was living a long time of his youth. That photographie is the most new prospect from the place. The poet has received a copie of the plate himself, and made the observation that it was an excellent photographie. The greatness of the image (without the cartoon) is ca. 17 by 23 cm. The price (incl. permission for reproduction) is 6 shillings, franco. Some others illustrated news in Germany, Danmark, ect., have ordered copies from the plate for reproduction in their pages. If you therefore should wish it, we also can send a prospect to you instantly, that the autotypic might be finished and published in your pages at the same time as in others illustrated news.

Even children write me at times. For instance, this letter was written in a round, childish hand, the paper having been ruled—

I have drawn a few sketches, which I send you. I am eleven years of age, and have never taken any lessons, and can draw anything. Do you think they are worth publishing in your paper? or if I draw better ones, may I send them to you? I am so anxious to get on, and I think if you published my sketches it might assist me.

Anything off the plain beaten track of drawing greatly upsets some people. Of a very clever impression a reader wrote—

Oh, Mr. Editor! don't give us any more of this wretched work; my little daughter of twelve years could do better.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The weights for the Spring Handicaps will be published in a day or two, and within the short space of a week we may expect to see a long list of quotations on the Lincoln Handicap and Grand National. Many of the earlier bets will be the outcome of covering money from the Continental agents, who already have big books on the races named. For the Lincoln Handicap, W. Robinson's best, which, I think, is Pedant, will take some beating. At the same time, it must not be overlooked that Knight of the Thistle and Ashburn are in the race, and the best of this lot should go very close. Many good judges fancy Manifesto could win the Grand with 12 st. 7 lb. up. We shall see.

As the winter has been so open, runners should be plentiful at the commencement of the flat-race season, and a good field can safely be predicted for the Lincoln Handicap. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild likes to see his colours carried early in the year, and he is almost bound to have a good youngster running in the Brocklesby. The Hon. George Lambton will most certainly start several of the horses under his charge at Liverpool, and Sir J. Blundell Maple can be relied upon for a few winners during the opening week of the flat season. Porter's, Marsh's, and Jewitt's stables are not likely to be prominent until late in the year. Indeed, the happy hunting-grounds of this trio are Epsom, Ascot, Newmarket, and Goodwood.

M. Cannon is enjoying himself in the hunting-field, and he should be in fine form when the flat-racing season opens at Lincoln. Cannon is, without a doubt, the best of the English jockeys, and it is a mistake to suppose that he cuts his races too fine, as the records of his wins in 1897 show. Cannon, however, likes to take a pull at his horse in the middle of a race, and that this pays is proved by his remarkable success in the saddle. Unfortunately, he is inclined to put on weight and has to take a great deal of walking exercise. Many good judges think Cannon will win the Derby on Batt.

In these days of big starting-price jobs it is remarkable to find backers taking a price right out against any horse on the morning of the race. Yet this happens every day at Manchester, where a long list of noonday quotations are procurable. It often happens that the nominal favourite in the Manchester market does not run, and if he does he loses and is quoted at a long price in the ring. Sometimes, however, a horse is made favourite in the midday betting that nobody outside the charmed circle knows anything about. When this happens the animal invariably wins, or goes close to doing so.

The American invasion is to be persevered with. Mr. Lorillard will run a useful lot of horses in this country again next season, and Mr. J. R. Keene has a long string under the charge of Pincus, who knows his business. Mr. Croker, having completed his political mission in New York, will return to England in April, and will see his colours carried at the early summer meetings. Mr. Croker has not any good horses in training in England, unless they are two-year-olds, and I fancy that, up to now, he has dropped a pretty penny over his racing stud on this side of the "herring-pond."

Breeding is, as many owners know, a pure lottery. Yet the fashionable sires command big fees. It was Mr. Henry Chaplin who once said that Hermit was the most valuable farm he owned, a similar remark, by-the-by, having been attributed to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon in referring to the Goodwood Racecourse. I noticed recently an announcement that subscriptions to the list of Isinglass were available at three hundred guineas, which seems a very big amount even for a Derby winner, and it can be taken for granted that Isinglass returned more profit in 1897 than the combined racing stud of Mr. McCalmont, M.P.

I was sorry to see such a poor entry for the Kempton Jubilee Stakes, as this is one of the most popular events of the year. The nominations include some good-class horses, and, if the race escapes another Bridegroom-Clwyd episode, it may be an interesting one. Those who believe Hermiton to be a mile horse will have a chance to support Mr. Low's nomination, and I think this course will suit him; but, if a three-year-old is to be successful here, I fancy it will be The Convict, a very smart animal. If such good horses as Comfrey, Foston, Berzak, Ashburn, Melange, Kilcock, Wildfowler, Dunlop, St. Cloud II., Crestfallen, Merman, Clwyd, and Bridegroom were to face the starter, what a race it would be!

The "British Sports Diary" for 1898, which is issued by the Werner Company, is a useful publication for everybody interested in any sort of sport.

The tape-machines give the runners for races very early; but sometimes horses are sent out as starters that do not take part in the race, and this causes some confusion. The old reporter's motto, "In doubt, leave out," unfortunately, would not work to advantage so far as the tape-machines are concerned, for, after an experience of their working for over fifteen years, I can state positively that when by accident the name of a horse is left out of the starters, it oftener than not wins. This, though, is entirely owing to the luck of the game. CAPTAIN COE.

GOLF.

In a little volume on golf, in the "Suffolk Sporting Series," issued by Lawrence and Bullen, there is an interesting article by Mrs. Mackern, from the point of view of the lady golfer. It is recorded that in the eighteenth century "the women of Musselburgh often played golf on holidays," and in 1810 a new creel, a shawl, and two silk handkerchiefs were played for by the fish-wives of the town. It is only, however, within the last ten years that any large number of women have proved their ability to play well. The fair sex has come at last to the links to stay; indeed, the ambition of the ladies steadily grows with success. They are not satisfied now, as Mrs. Mackern remarks, with the drive from the tee and the short approach shot that has hitherto been their portion. Every year the tendency is to lengthen the ladies' links, giving them more brassy and creak play through the green, and, when there are not adequate links for their special use, they play over the "full men's courses." Mrs. Mackern says that in almost every instance they are welcomed and encouraged by the men. On that point, however, some doubt may be felt. There are, I am afraid, many male players who grumble at the invasion of their links by women. With reference to the dress of the ladies, Mrs. Mackern is able to make a reassuring statement. While one still sees, she says, a few grotesque figures, either aping man's attire or limply trailing about in frilled petticoats and flower-trimmed hats, the bulk of the players are neatly and serviceably dressed in plain tailor-made coats and skirts, sailor-hats, and strong nailed boots.

HUNTING.

Christmas seems to have marked the turning-point of the hunting-season: scent the mysterious, before generally bad, has for the last fortnight been good, with no change of weather to account for it, and long runs have been the rule practically all over the kingdom. The Grafton had a quaint experience the other day; their fox ran into the little town of Brackley, and, having a soul above back-yards and pig-stys, found his way up on to the roofs, where he wandered after the manner of the common or pantiles cat. The men of Brackley, resenting this unvolpine proceeding, rose against that fox and captured him—how, deponent sayeth not—and, being released outside the town with fair law, he was fairly killed. The Glamorganshire distinguished themselves last week: cheered on by—mark it!—an ex-Master of Foxhounds, they bravely ran and handsomely killed—a Persian cat. I am sorry for the Mackintosh of Mackintosh, who took over the Mastership only this season; if his pack be not dubbed the Glamorganshire Cat Hounds henceforth it will be a miracle of indulgence. The worst of it is, the mistake is such an easy one for a man to make. Given a foggy day, and a big fluffy-tailed Persian stealing conscience-stricken across a ride or down a hedgerow where no cat should be may deceive the sharpest eye; the hounds, we must suppose, only hunted pussy when they "caught a view," and there seems no limit to the foolishness of hounds hunting by sight.

"Raided by Foxes" was the stimulating head-line of a paragraph in the *Morning Post* last week. A game and poultry farm at Roydon, in Hertfordshire, was said to have been "raided" one night, a hundred and twenty birds being killed and fifty more wounded. Prodigious! A West Country hunting man of very long experience tells me, however, he thinks it quite possible that the Roydon raid was the achievement of a vixen, at this time of year most mischievous. It is one of the worse traits of fox character—killing for the sake of killing.



A HANDSOME SHOOTING TROPHY.

This fine shooting trophy has just been presented for competition to the Natal Cadet Corps by Mr. Richmond White, of Middelburg, in the Transvaal. It was designed in the Transvaal and has been modelled by Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

A National Sportsman's Exhibition of every requisite in connection with coaching, hunting, shooting, yachting and aquatics, cycling, cricket, football, golf, archery and fencing, billiards, photography, and the like, is to be held at Earl's Court from March 19 to 26.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Jan. 26, 5.36; Thursday (German Emperor born), 5.38; Friday, 5.40; Saturday, 5.42; Sunday, 5.43; Monday, 5.45; Tuesday, Feb. 1, 5.47.

My attention has lately been drawn to the fact that the tyres of certain bicycles have an extremely repulsive habit of suddenly perishing. What this habit is owing to I have endeavoured to discover, but, as yet, without success. Three bicycles built by a very well-known maker were shown to me last week. They had been bought only recently, yet the tyres were cracked all over and completely "done for." Seven bicycles by another maker and two by a third I then examined, all the tyres of which proved to be useless. These machines, mind, had not been stored for a considerable time, neither had they been kept in a very dry atmosphere, nor had they been stabled all together, or even in one and the same neighbourhood. The only reason to which I can at present attribute the perishing is that the machines, before being bought, had been a long time in stock, and that therefore the tyres had perished of old age, as tyres—as well as their makers—are wont to do. Certainly the material itself was in no way faulty. The matter, however, is worth looking into more deeply, and I hope shortly to arrive at a more satisfactory conclusion, which shall duly be retailed to my readers.

The "cycling craze," as the fashion of riding bicycles was rightly called a couple of years ago, may now also be said to have perished, and only now is the bicycle beginning to supply the traditional "long-felt want." Hundreds—nay, thousands—of machines built by tip-top makers, and bought originally at tip-top prices, are now relegated to the garrets and the outhouses of the rich, from which regions probably they will only emerge, dusty, rusty, and covered with cobwebs, when the space which they at present occupy is needed for some other lumber. In all probability they will then go to swell the list of "perks" that annually tumble into the plush-trimmed laps of William and "Jeames." So much for Society's fads. On the other hand, many persons, the majority of whom, perhaps, are ladies, have regularly taken to the bicycle as an agreeable and convenient means of rapid locomotion, as others take to drink as a disagreeable and inconvenient means of speedy dissolution.

An artless correspondent writes to me: "Dear Sir,—Can you tell me the best sort of bicycle to buy, the best kind of tyres, the best gearing for all-round work, the name of the best maker, and the proper price to pay?" Now, I cannot, in fairness to the vast number of makers of first-grade machines and first-rate tyres, answer these questions here. Of course, I know several makers who, to my mind, build the very best machines obtainable and yet charge a moderate price. But, then, there may be plenty of men whom I do not know who build machines equally trustworthy and ask a lower figure still. If my ingenuous correspondent will send me his address, I will write to him.

I quote the following from a daily paper—

NOVEL POINT IN CYCLE LAW.

Mr. Commissioner Kerr, in the City of London Court yesterday, gave a decision of some importance to dealers and buyers of cycles.

Messrs. Sydney Lee and Co., auctioneers, were sued by Messrs. Lewis, cycle dealers, of Twickenham, for ten pounds, the price of a bicycle which had been stolen from them by a hirer, sold to the defendants next day, and disposed of by auction the day following.

His Honour remarked that the conviction of the thief re-vested the machine in the plaintiffs, notwithstanding the sale, and gave judgment for Messrs. Lewis in the sum of ten pounds, to be reduced to a shilling if the machine were recovered.

As a fact, this "novel" point is no novelty at all. Mr. John A. Williamson, whose capital little pamphlet relating to the rights and liabilities of cyclists I lately dealt with in these columns, writes as follows upon this very point: "A firm of agents," he says, "let a person, A., have a bicycle under a hire-and-purchase agreement. The amount to be paid before the machine became A.'s absolute property was nineteen pounds, but A. only paid some six pounds. A. sold the machine to B., the agents meantime losing all trace of A. and the machine. B. some time afterwards sent the machine to the same agents to be repaired, not knowing that the machine belonged to them under the hire-and-purchase agreement. The agents, having recovered possession of the machine, refused to deliver it up to B. B. took the matter to Court, but the Court held that the agents were entitled to retain possession of the machine under the agreement." He adds that "the hirer of a machine who sends it to an auctioneer to be sold, not having fully paid for it, is guilty of a conversion (which is a kind of action a person lays himself open to for converting the goods of another to his own use), and so is the auctioneer who sells the machine, or refuses to deliver it up to the owner until the expense is first paid. The hirer may also be indicted either for larceny or for acting as a fraudulent bailee."

Battersea Park is being carefully prepared for spring and summer cyclists, many of whom are persons ordered by their doctors to take an hour's cycling every morning, as at Buxton and at Aix and at Ems they are ordered every morning and evening to gulp down a tumblerful of stimulating water. I hear that the directors of Battersea Park have come to the conclusion that bicycles injure the roads of that oasis more than the carriages do, because, they say, bicycles raise a peculiarly fine and aggressive sort of dust, which, it seems, is in some way excessively detrimental to the thoroughfare. Can this be the reason that Hyde Park is still closed to cyclists during certain hours? Of

course, in time Hyde Park will be open to bicyclists as it now is to pedestrians; but we must not be so un-English as to introduce so monstrous an innovation without first pondering the subject.

The question of cycling in the parks is not confined to London. The restrictions imposed by the municipal authorities in Leeds as to the use by cyclists of the roads leading through Roundhay Park have produced an indignant letter in the columns of the *Yorkshire Post*. The writer asks, "Has the Corporation power to place a ban upon one type of vehicle? Could it, for instance, prohibit two-wheel cabs from using the park roads while allowing four-wheel cabs to use them? The cyclist has the same rights and privileges as the driver of any other vehicle." I must reluctantly admit that the municipal authorities probably are within their rights in imposing these restrictions, but the wisdom of doing so is questionable. Cycling may be regarded now as an almost universal mode of locomotion, and greater facilities should be accorded to those who use it.

My cycling contemporary, the *Hub*, is always great on statistics. It revels in them. Last week it surpassed itself in its somewhat vaguely worded statement that there are "ten million wheels in use in the world." Being a publication devoted to cycling matters, I conclude this has

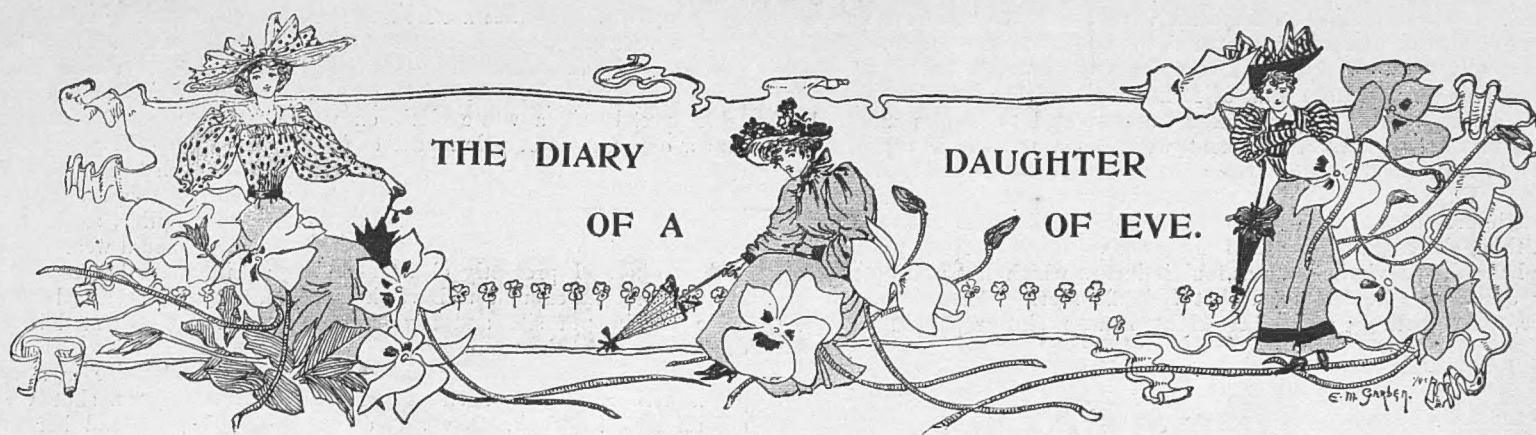


A NEAT FROCK.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

reference to cycles only, and does not include other wheels, such as carriages, machinery, and so on. But still it is not clear what the writer means. A bicycle is often spoken of as "a wheel," notwithstanding the fact that the very name signifies two wheels. Does, then, the ambiguous statistician mean that there are ten or five million bicycles in the world, leaving tricycles out of the question? He further informs us that, "if they were placed in one procession, with thirty passing a minute, it would take nearly a year, day and night, in passing a given point." What a year of delight that would be to the irrepressible Toddie who was so anxious to "see wheels go wound"!

Seldom has a cyclist sprung into prominence more quickly than Robert H. Walne, who, from being an obscure shearer in the back blocks of Queensland, has jumped in the course of eighteen months into the position of Australia's champion. In May 1896 Walne learned to ride a bicycle; in August he came out at the Brisbane Cycling Carnival, winning two races; in December he finished second to Kellon in the big Austral Wheel Race at Melbourne, and during the subsequent three months he won nearly every scratch race and championship in Australia. The arrival of Green, Edwards, Reynolds, Barden, and other English riders gave Walne an opportunity to measure his pace with that of the Old World riders. So far, Green has been the only man who can master the Queenslander. Walne, exclusive of trade allowances, has won, since he adopted cycling as a profession, over a thousand pounds. He is twenty-four years of age, eleven stone in weight, and possesses a peculiarity of pedalling in keeping the sole of his foot concave and seeming to scoop the pedal round.

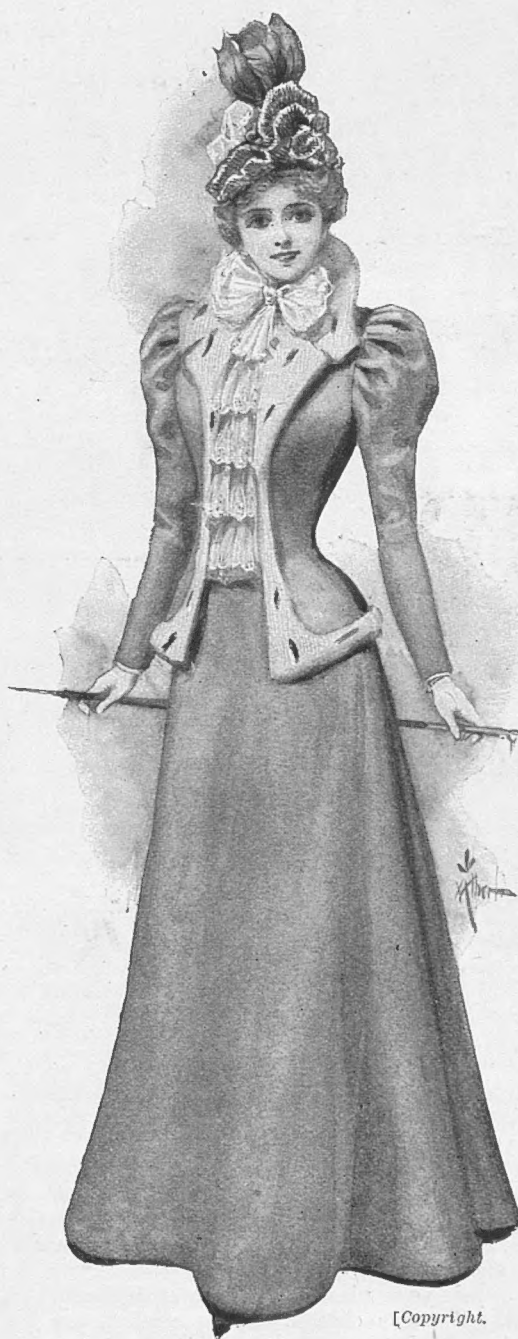


Monday.—How still the world stands! Florrie took me shopping to-day in Bayswater, buying no more interesting articles than maps and Berlin wool, and I discovered that dozens of young women still go to Westbourne Grove and purchase pampas-grass. When I was ten years old I recollect each afternoon holding the black kid-gloved hand of a dull

woman with pampas-grass? Dust-traps, and hideous at that it is. And mentally I can see them bearing home their coral-pink burdens and depositing them with care and malice aforethought in bright-blue glass jars in corners of their rooms. Shades of Mrs. Panton! And this is the public for which you have worked for years! "Why be so melancholy



TRAVELLING ULSTER.



[Copyright.]

CEDAR-BROWN CLOTH DRESS.

and stupid governess while I watched our neighbours clamouring at the counter to secure branches of pampas-grass coloured in most fearsome hues! And yet there are optimists who declare that we are always moving onward—but perhaps they are pessimists, for it is a question whether it is advisable to remain stationary or to advance. What could those folks

about it?" as Florrie observed while I was deploring the idiosyncrasies of my contemporaries this afternoon. "The pampas-grass buyers have their uses. Are they not of the same kidney as those who gather up year by year all the useless, hideous remnants of stuffs and silks which collect themselves during dead and gone Seasons? And are they not the class from

which you have learnt how frightful were the Brobdingnagian sleeves, how hideous the monster hats set at right angles, and how unattractive the abnormally stiffened skirt? The majority of tasteless women sacrifice themselves yearly on the altar of fashion for the good of the individual, and, in seeing our pet weaknesses accentuated to crimes under the influence of their want of judgment, we are more tempted to repent than we should be did we sit for years listening to the sartorial doctrines of even a Virginia." This was a wonderfully long speech for Florrie; it quite impressed me, and it was actually based upon some reason. I did not think she could be well, and this evening I had a letter to say that she had fallen a victim to that foul influenza which last week attacked our Julia, and she demanded that I should scorn infection and go at once, taking with me all my best nightgowns, as she proposed to borrow



[Copyright.]

A SMART THEATRE-CLOAK.

them. There is no element of doubt in connection with lending Florrie anything—you may always be perfectly certain that you won't get it back. I shall take my second-best nightgowns!

Tuesday.—I spent the whole morning contemplating my new tea-gown, which is but an old one revived and may be quoted as an admirable example of an exception to the rule that the cheap is the nasty. It is very nice, this gown, made of Liberty satin—a fabric which I adore at the moment—in a dull mauve shade. It has a deep yoke covered with *ôcre* chiffon draped with pale-yellow lace, and a train of pale-yellow lace. The sleeves are of gathered mauve chiffon, and the neck is cut just a little square. Mauve is a good colour for a tea-gown in winter; it is sufficiently light to be becoming, always supposing you are not very fair, and it is not greedy of dust. Of course, because I want to put it on, the day is fine and Julia insists that I should go out and buy her things, and Florrie telegraphically explains to me that I must spend many hours by her bedside, while Diana has just sent a cab with a letter to inform me that she has rheumatism and wants to be enlivened. I shall form myself into a company as professional "cheerer-up"—I should rather like to dispose of my hours at a premium—and, if I might only be allowed to select the recipients of the preference shares, I might be perpetually amused.

Diana was lying down knitting neck-ties, and wearing a charming gown of soft pale-pink silk, covered with white silk muslin striped with insertions of Valenciennes lace. She had placed herself carefully on a large sofa liberally cushioned in pale blue, and by her side was a tiny table spread with a white cloth, on which rested in small white glass jars a dozen or so of pale-mauve orchids. Diana is not very ill, or she could not have arranged the picture with so much care. She was bemoaning her fate because she could not go to the skating-rink, deploring the possibility that she would lose her agility, and vowing vengeance on the doctor who suggested that she should wear woollen underclothes. I promptly christened him an inhuman brute with no soul. It is bad enough to have rheumatism, but to be ordered to cast aside the joys of silk and lawn is an outrage not perpetrated by any doctor worthy of the name.

Ada was sitting with Diana, looking, as usual, very nice in a cloth gown with a yoke and sleeves of turquoise and green shot velvet embroidered in black, some soft cream-coloured lace round her neck forming a resting-place for the row of pearls indispensable to the heart and throat of every woman fashionable. Her hair was admirably fixed with one of the latest combs.

Thursday.—If any more members of my family develop any more unpleasing symptoms of unpleasing illness, I shall leave London. The demand on my sympathy is far exceeding the supply. I am tired of sitting by couches and bedsides listening to accounts of how badly Florrie slept and how depressed Julia feels. I like not the sick and the sorry, and have ever felt a decided distaste for the afflicted.

After having thus disclosed myself as unworthy of the name of woman, I ought to sit at home and expect to be visited by influenza, or some other much worse calamity. The few perfectly healthy people of my acquaintance have broken out into hospitality which takes the form of the afternoon "At Home." This is a most inconvenient moment for this description of dissipation. Everyone's walking-dress is exceedingly shabby, everyone's winter cloak is of fur and of no decorative influence, and all the hats have borne the cold and burden of the winter and are quite unworthy to put in their appearance in Society. There is no help for it, with four invitations for afternoon parties staring me in the face I must buy a new walking-dress. I hanker after lavender, because it is the latest love of the authorities, and yet I am perfectly certain its purchase would be a supreme extravagance, for it is not a colour which can be relied upon to do duty more than half-a-dozen times. Grey has perennial charms in my eyes; blue is the most becoming of all colours, and may be written down at once as desirable from every point of view. Being a woman of independent notions, and eminently suited to offer advice to others, I shall go to Jay's, in spite of the fact of my already monstrous account there, and place myself unreservedly in the hands of Mr. Hiley, demanding of him a smart costume, something quite different from anything which he has ever yet made, and most attractive at that. It is a modest request, and he is sure to grant it.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

BERTHA.—I am so sorry not to agree with you, and I feel that, knowing this, you may have some doubt as to my good taste. I do not like earrings at all, but, all the same, I have noticed several people wearing them in the drop shape and in the round cluster shape. Indeed, wherever we can conveniently put jewels to-day, we do. Some faces are improved by earrings, I admit. You should go to the Goldsmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street; you will always find the latest things in jewels there.

MONICA.—I am sorry I cannot recommend you from personal experience any dressmaker who lives at Tooting. You would do much better to come up to town for your clothes, as you are so near. An excellent firm I should like you to visit is John Simmons and Sons, 35, Haymarket. Their prices are quite moderate, and their work is good.

ANGIOLA.—I should have a hat entirely made of mauve violets, with two ostrich feathers at one side, the one mauve and the other deeper purple, and just a scarf of ficelle lace lightly draped over the mauve velvet brim. This you could wear either with the blue or the black or the violet dress—indeed, with a dress of any kind. The ideal material, I think, for the other gown is Louis Velveteen. You could get this from any of the good drapers, and the colour you should choose is pavement-grey, keeping your lace yellow and mounting it over ivory chiffon. A pleasing addition to the costume would be some Parisian Diamond slides, to attach the lace on either side, at the corners of the square, and these, of course you know, you could get from 143, Regent Street; they are wonderfully decorative.

CAMPERDOWN.—John Simmons and Sons, 35, Haymarket, are the tailors I recommend; they manage that strapping admirably, I know from personal experience. A charming colour which is to be very popular this year is lavender-grey. This, worn with a sable collar and ivory lace waistcoat, would be smart enough for any occasion. Thanks for your letter.

PRISCILLA.—The best material is undoubtedly black satin; there is no danger of this ever being entirely out of fashion. Buy one of a good quality. Marshall and Snelgrove in Oxford Street is the firm I should recommend for a silk which is to last for several years, as you desire yours should. The bodice should also be made of black satin, and if you have it now in the pouched style, it would easily adapt itself to be made tight-fitting as the fashion changes. Have the back tight now, the front only to pouch. As much really good lace mounted over ivory satin as you can conveniently afford, I should suggest, to make the sleeves and vest. A pretty style is a bodice crossed at one side, leaving a small V at the top, to be filled in with the lace, you understand; and the sleeves to be of lace, small epaulettes of the black satin overhanging these at the top, outlined with a chenille-embroidered trimming, which should also border the bodice. The belt round the waist should be of jet, very narrow, and I am quite sure that a basque would be more becoming to you than a bodice which finished at the waist. I don't mind the details of your questions at all; indeed, I am quite ready to answer as many more as you like.

LAVINIA.—Graham and Banks, 445, Oxford Street. I know their work intimately, and find it excellent, tasteful, and by no means dear. That room illustrated in *The Sketch* last week I think charming; but write to them to send you one of their new illustrated albums of furniture and decorations. This gives many pictures and an excellent idea of the effect achieved. As a general rule, blue is the best colour to accompany oak, I find.

VIRGINIA.

CITY NOTES.

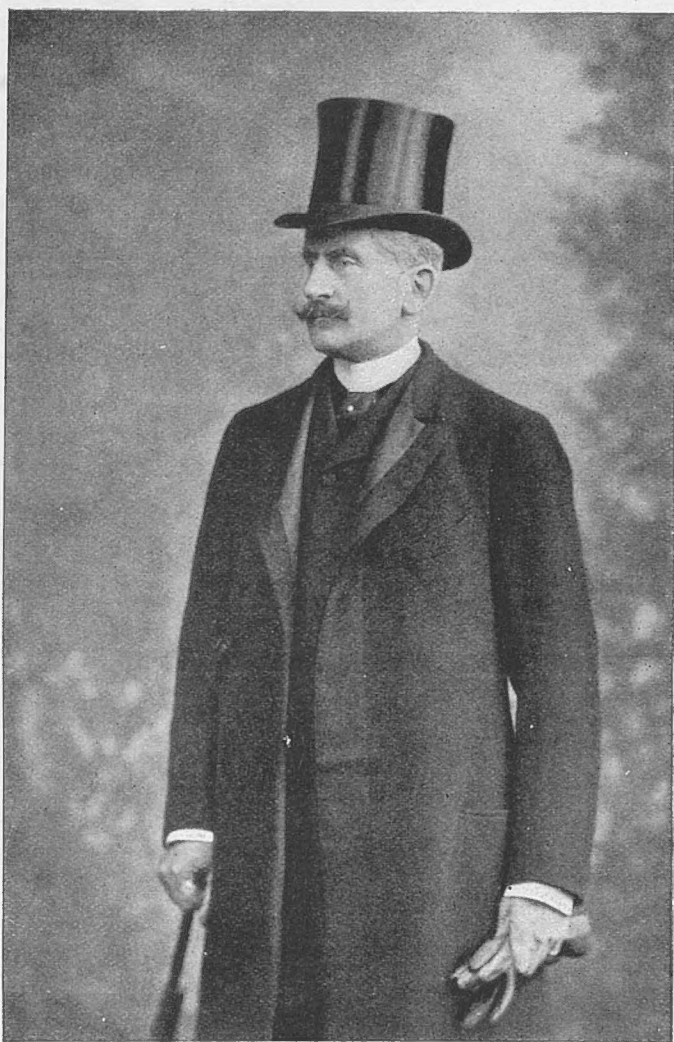
The next Settlement begins on Feb. 9.

MONEY.

There is no appearance yet of dearer money setting in. Indeed, for the moment the tendency is quite the other way, the reduction of the Berlin official rate last week having had a weakening effect upon the market. The Bank Reserve was again strengthened by an increase in the coin and bullion and a contraction in the note circulation, its ratio to liabilities advancing nearly 2 per cent. Tax payments had an appreciable effect upon Public Deposits, the increase amounting to £2,056,000, while "Other" Deposits were reduced by £1,485,000. Owing to the supply of money being well in excess of market requirements, call money at the end of the week was quoted no better than 1 per cent., while short fixtures were easily arranged at $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. The market is awaiting with interest the outcome of the Chinese Loan negotiations, and, although they appear to be hanging fire for the moment, we think, despite the efforts of France and Russia, there is little fear but that a satisfactory arrangement will be concluded ere long with this country.

HOME RAILS.

This market has been somewhat irregular during the past week. Until the announcement of the Great Eastern dividend it had been going



LORD CLAUD HAMILTON, CHAIRMAN OF THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

strong, but on this company declaring only 5 per cent. prices broke away, as the market expectations were hardly realised. Later on in the week, however, when the Great Eastern report came out, it was looked upon as being a very satisfactory one, and it infused a better spirit again into the market, which was further strengthened by the Metropolitan dividend of $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. being fully up to anticipations. One thing, however, should not be forgotten in considering the future of the Great Eastern Railway, and that is the urgent necessity which exists for improvement of the permanent way over a large part of the line, especially in the Broads district. Wooden bridges must be replaced by steel, stations must be improved, and a great deal of money spent before the system can be considered in a complete and perfect state. Of course, all these improvements will come gradually, and a large part of the expense be put to capital account; but, none the less, buyers of ordinary stock at current prices should not forget what is before them. Business has not been very active, but there is an undercurrent of strength which looks as if it would lead to higher prices. The outlook altogether is much brighter, and it is satisfactory to note that some fairly substantial increases in the traffic returns are again recorded. London and North-Western takes the lead with an increase of £5912, and Great Northern

and Great Western follow with £3382 and £3320 respectively, and these are all the more satisfactory when it is borne in mind that these increases are on the top of equally substantial ones in the preceding year.

BRAZIL.

Brazilian finance must, indeed, be in very low water when it finds itself unable to complete the purchase of ironclads and cruisers ordered in Europe. We gather from a telegram despatched by the *Times* correspondent in Rio de Janeiro that the Brazilian Government has transferred the contracts for two ironclads and one cruiser now being built in Europe to some foreign Power, thus relieving the Treasury of the burden of making sterling remittances at this critical juncture. A subsequent telegram from the same source states that, in addition to the cruiser and two ironclads, the Government is also selling a torpedo-cruiser which is being built in Germany. This seems a wise course to pursue, for it is quite evident that Brazil cannot afford such expensive luxuries as ironclads and cruisers at the present moment, and it points to the fact that the Government is beginning to take a more commonsense view of the position. The market, however, has not responded to these attempts at economy, the loan of 1889 being no better than 61 while we write, which is 10 points below the highest quotation of last year.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

Advantage has been taken by this company of the present favourable conditions of the Money Market to invite subscriptions to a couple of issues of First Mortgage $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Gold Bonds of 10,000,000 and 5,000,000 dollars respectively. The bonds of the former issue are secured upon the Louisville division of the Illinois Central Railroad and terminal property, and the latter upon the St. Louis division, and they constitute a direct obligation of the parent company, and are not liable to be drawn or compulsorily redeemed prior to their maturity in 1951 and 1953 respectively. The price of the issue in London is $98\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and, upon the basis of the present value of the dollar, is equal to 95 per cent. For sterling bonds after deduction of accrued interest, so that, allowing for repayment at par at maturity, the bonds yield to the investor £3 14s. 4d. per cent. per annum, or, not considering the profit of redemption at par, they yield £3 13s. 8d. per cent. per annum. The company has had a successful career, and can boast of having paid regular dividends on its shares for the past thirty-five years, the distribution since 1891 having been at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. This is a record to conjure with, and, as these issues have been offered simultaneously in New York, London, Amsterdam, Geneva, Brussels, Berlin, and Hamburg, there appears to be little doubt of their success. The total funded debt of the company on June 30 last was 87,916,925 dollars, and the Common Stock amounted to 52,500,000 dollars. Compared with the corresponding months of the last fiscal year, the net earnings from traffic for the first six months of the present fiscal year (that is, from July 1 to Dec. 31, 1897) show an increase of 1,186,664 dollars, being at the rate of 34.70 per cent., against an increase of average number of miles operated of 19.55 per cent. The total mileage of the company is 3130, and the expenditure percentage for the year ending June 30, 1897, was 71.16, which compares with 68 per cent. in the preceding year. The highest point touched by the shares in 1897 was 112 $\frac{3}{4}$, the present quotation being about 110. It may be noted, however, that in 1888 these shares stood as high as 127.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The following account of the most important deep-level properties from our Johannesburg correspondent cannot fail to prove of interest at this time, when everything points to a revival of interest in the Kaffir Market—

THE DEEP-LEVEL BOOM.

The deep-level boom, repeatedly predicted in *The Sketch* as the next great movement to be expected in the Kaffir Market, has made a beginning. That, at any rate, is the current opinion among the best-informed people in Johannesburg, where there was a great activity in deep-level stocks at the middle of December, brokers tumbling over each other and shouting themselves hoarse for scrip, just as they were wont to do in the boom of 1895. Set-backs there no doubt will be, probably occasionally severe set-backs, but the best-informed opinion looks forward to a general upward movement with an active market in deep-levels for some months to come.

It is a mistake to suppose that deep-levels at the present range of prices are inflated. If the investor will take the trouble to compare the deep-levels with the corresponding outcrop mines, claim for claim, he will find that the former are relatively the cheaper, and this explains the present upward movement in prices, which may be described as a levelling-up of deep-level to outcrop values. All things considered, the big mines, on the first row of the deep-levels at any rate, ought to stand quite as high in market estimates as the corresponding outcrop mines. They are all big mines, each of them being capable of supplying a minimum of 200 stamps, with a corresponding economy in costs, and, even with 200 stamps at work, the average life of a deep-level mine will be well over twenty years. The extra depth counts for nothing except the additional cost of shaft-sinking. This applies to the first row of deep-levels, down, probably, to 2500 feet, but, beyond this, on the second and third rows, new problems, so far as the Rand is concerned, will have to be faced.

As regards claim-values, the Rose Deep, which has advanced from 90s. to £7 in recent weeks, stands, at the latter price, at £15,500 per claim. The Crown Deep, at £14, is valued by the market at £22,750 per claim. The Glen Deep, at £3, comes out at just under £10,000 per claim. These are only a few examples to prove the truth of the contention that prices are not inflated. Investors can work out for themselves the claim-values of each of the other mines on the first row of the deep-levels—Robinson Deep, Nourse Deep, Jumpers Deep, Durban Roodepoort Deep, Geldenhuis Deep, Langlaagte Deep, Knight's Deep, Knight Central, &c.—and in every case it will be found that claim-values are moderate on the present basis of profit. The next point for investors is to compare claim-

values in the case of the deeps with those of the corresponding outcrops, and the comparisons will at once show the justification for the present market movement. For example, Glen Deep at £10,000 per claim compare with £15,000 per claim in the case of the Glencairn, taking the latter at fifty shillings per share. It is idle to talk of inflation in view of the comparisons which may thus be instituted in the case of every deep-level on the first and second rows.

The richest of all the deep-levels, the Bonanza, has justified the extraordinary valuation of from £70,000 to £80,000 per claim. The Crown Deep and the Rose Deep in the first few months' crushing have shown that market estimates of their respective values per claim are moderate, and the same will transpire in regard to the Nourse Deep, which has just commenced to mill, the Jumpers Deep, which starts crushing in February, and others of the better class of deep-levels, as they each begin to produce gold.

The recent marked decrease in costs all along the Rand has made it necessary for the critics of deep-level mines to revise their estimates. At the recent meeting of the Consolidated Goldfields in London, Mr. J. H. Hammond stated that a saving of 2s. 6d. per ton on ore treated had been effected at the Goldfields group of mines, this representing an increase in the profits of no less than £3500 from each claim. The average decrease in costs for the Rand as a whole is appreciably more than 2s. 6d. per ton. Taking a long list of mines, I work out the average decrease in costs over a period of about a twelvemonth at 4s. 9d. per ton. Even at 3s. 9d. per ton, the additional profit per claim will be £5250. The new south coal line and coal-sidings to the various mines recently sanctioned by the Volksraad must represent a further average saving to the deep-levels of at least 1s. per ton. Other economies must come in time, the Boer Government being quite unable to withstand indefinitely the clamourings of its own burghers, as well as the Uitlander population, for cheap dynamite, lower railway rates, &c. The cancellation of the dynamite monopoly alone would mean an immediate saving to every mine of 1s. 5d. per ton in costs. There is no reason why costs should not be further reduced to the extent of 5s. per ton in the near future, and this is a possibility to be reckoned with at the moment.

MAY CONSOLIDATED.

After six months of miserably poor returns, while the manager has been having a holiday in Europe, the May Consolidated has signalled Mr. Osterloh's reinstatement by a good output for November, with a correspondingly satisfactory profit. The impression has been created, whether rightly or not, that nobody but Osterloh can bring profits out of the May, and now that he is back at his post the shares have commenced to move upwards, and before long we may hear of another dividend. This is one of the numerous mines on the Rand which may be said to depend almost entirely upon a further reduction in costs for any improvement in value. The May is a 9 to 10 dwt. mine, just rich enough to pay fair dividends on the present basis of things, but capable of doing proportionately better were costs brought down, as some day they will be, to 15s. per ton. So far as can be seen at present, there is only one other direction in which profits can be increased, and that is by the treatment of the waste slimes—a new source of revenue now open to every mine on the Rand. The May has a life of from eight to ten years, but this will be prolonged should costs be sufficiently reduced before the end of that period to enable the large bodies of low-grade ore in the mine to be profitably utilised.

We reproduce the portraits of Mr. A. R. Goldring and Mr. H. E. O. Green, secretary and assistant-secretary respectively of the Chamber of Mines, the great statistical department of the industry. Mr. Goldring was formerly editor of a daily paper at Kimberley. Mr. Green is a son of a well-known London clergyman, the Rev. E. P. Green, M.A., St. Simon Zelotes. In this connection, it is very important for home investors to note that, as one of the results of the recent amalgamation of the two rival Chambers of Mines, the official declaration of monthly outputs will, from Feb. 10, embrace the entire Transvaal, and not merely the Witwatersrand district.

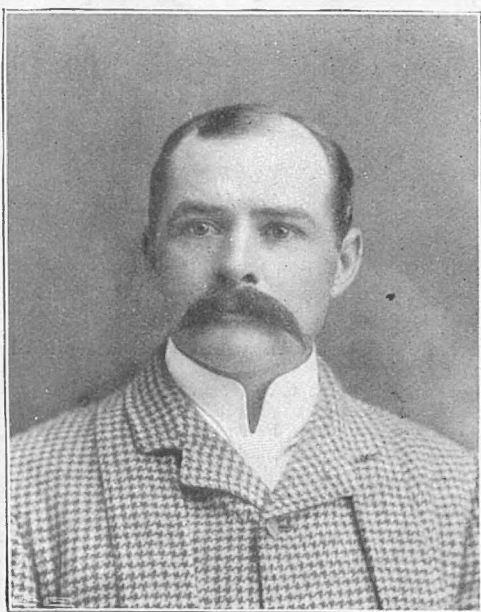
THE SALT UNION.

The shareholders of this almost moribund corporation appear to be going the right way to work to set their Humpty-Dumpty on its legs again. We have just been shown an admirably temperate circular which was yesterday issued to the large shareholders, and which appears,

from the names at the bottom of it, to emanate from people with a considerable stake in the concern.

The diminution of the profits from Dec. 31, 1889, to Dec. 31, 1896, is set out, and the dwindling tonnage handled by the company is made very clear. The large shareholders are asked to meet on Friday, the 28th inst., and to elect a committee to confer with the directors and see what can be done to improve the position.

When the company was organised, the Board consisted of about one-half practical men and the rest ornamental directors, whose names, it was supposed, would attract public subscriptions; by



MR. H. E. O. GREEN (CHAMBER OF MINES).

Photo by Duffus Brothers, Johannesburg.

degrees, nearly all the practical men have, for various reasons, left, and the board now consists almost entirely of excellent gentlemen who know nothing about the salt trade. Clearly the first reform must, if possible, be a reorganisation of the board or the addition of three or four persons with actual knowledge and experience of the salt business. If we might be allowed to make one other suggestion, it would be that the head office should be removed from London to Liverpool, or some other centre in closer touch with the producing districts and with the export trade. There can be little doubt that both the reforms we have

indicated will be the outcome of Mr. William S. McDowell and his co-shareholders' action, if, as we expect, they are supported by the great body of the proprietors.

THE CHINESE LOAN.

Despite the efforts which Russia, France, and probably Germany, are making to prevent the impending Chinese loan falling into the hands of this country, we expect Lord Salisbury will in the end prove successful.

Mr. Wilson, in this week's *Investor's Review* appears to us to have hit the nail on the head when he points out that our rivals could not find the cash, even if they would, without our assistance. "Were Russia and Germany," says Mr. Wilson, "to offer another loan, they could not raise the money without our help. Close the London market to them and they are helpless, for Paris is so overloaded with the debts of its neighbours and with the burden which Russia has laid upon the French people that it alone could not find the money. Therein lies our true strength at the present juncture. We can not only find the money, were it twice twelve millions, but we can find it on less onerous terms than any of our competitors. Did our Government choose to directly guarantee this proposed loan, it might be given to China at 3 per cent., and still leave at least a 1 per cent. per annum for sinking fund. From this point of view our position is supreme, and we ought to use our advantage to the uttermost, because we are working not merely in the interests of our own and of Indian commerce, but also in the interests of peace." The sooner the matter is arranged the better for everybody, for delay is merely making things drift in the direction of danger.

Saturday, Jan. 22, 1898.



MR. A. R. GOLDRING.

Photo by Walery, Regent Street, W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

BAKER.—We should hold the stock for the moment, but you have too much, and should get out on any rise. It is very likely you may have to go without dividend for some time after the London extension is opened.

GWELL.—We have no belief in the country or the mine.

NEMO (Chesterfield).—Hold. Many people have made worse bargains in Hannan's properties than you. We still believe in the mine.

KUDOS.—Schweppe's ordinary would suit you for both purposes.

JUSTICE.—(1) You might do worse, but we have lost faith in the concern, of which, at one time, we had a high opinion. (2) On the whole, sell. (3) Yes. (4) Hold for the moment, but get out of both 3 and 4 on any general rise in Kaffirs.

C. J. W.—(1) We doubt it. At present we have no tip to give. (2) We should hold a, c, d, and take the profit in b. The others are, in our opinion, utter rubbish, to be sold at any price.

IMPERIAL.—The concern is utterly rotten. If you can find anyone fool enough to buy your shares, by all means sell.

NEMO (London).—We think you can probably plead the Gambling Act and resist any action which these people may bring. Don't pay until you are sued, and then consult a good solicitor.

R. H. C.—A Stock Exchange broker will deal for you at the closest possible price, which, in case of purchase, should be a trifle under the tape quotation, and, in case of sale, a trifle over. Cover, in the shape of a deposit of perhaps 5 per cent., would be required from a stranger. We have sent you the name of a reliable broker by postcard. Your experience of outside brokers is not uncommon.

NOVICES.—(1) Schweppe's ordinary, Pearson's 5½ per cent. preference, Imperial Continental Gas, and Grand Trunk guaranteed would do for the £500. (2) The stock has 3 per cent. guaranteed interest until March of this year, or the earlier opening of the London extension. We consider it may have to go short of interest for a time, but at present price should not be sold. (3) This may be a sound concern, but we doubt it.

DON.—See our Correspondence Rules. We never answer letters unless the name as well as the address of the writer is given.

SCALPEL.—Yours being an urgent case, we wrote to you on the 15th. The result of the meeting does not look as if reconstruction would go through.

NOVICE.—We have no good opinion of the first three concerns you mention; but No. 3 has possibilities, and might turn up trumps. Don't touch Nos. 1 and 2. (4) We really don't know any more than the statements which have appeared in the papers.

A. G. D.—Mr. Raymond Radclyffe utterly declines to be bothered by answering letters for nothing. If you want that sort of thing, see Rule 5. We are able to tell you that he has the poorest opinion of the company you mention, which, he says, is bound to collapse.

C. C. W.—We think the mine you name a fraud of the worst kind. At the moment we have not a cheap tip to give.